SHOWTIME

JANUARY 1966 1/-

THE TOP **FILM** MONTHLY

1966 FILM PREVIEW

SHOWTIME IN MADRID

SHOWTIME IN NICE

SHOWTIME IN HOLLYWOOD

SHOWTIME AT PINEWOOD

SHOWTIME IN NAPLES·CORSICA

VITTI and STAMP

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SHOWTIME
THE TOP FILM MONTHLY

Volume 3, Number 1 January 1966

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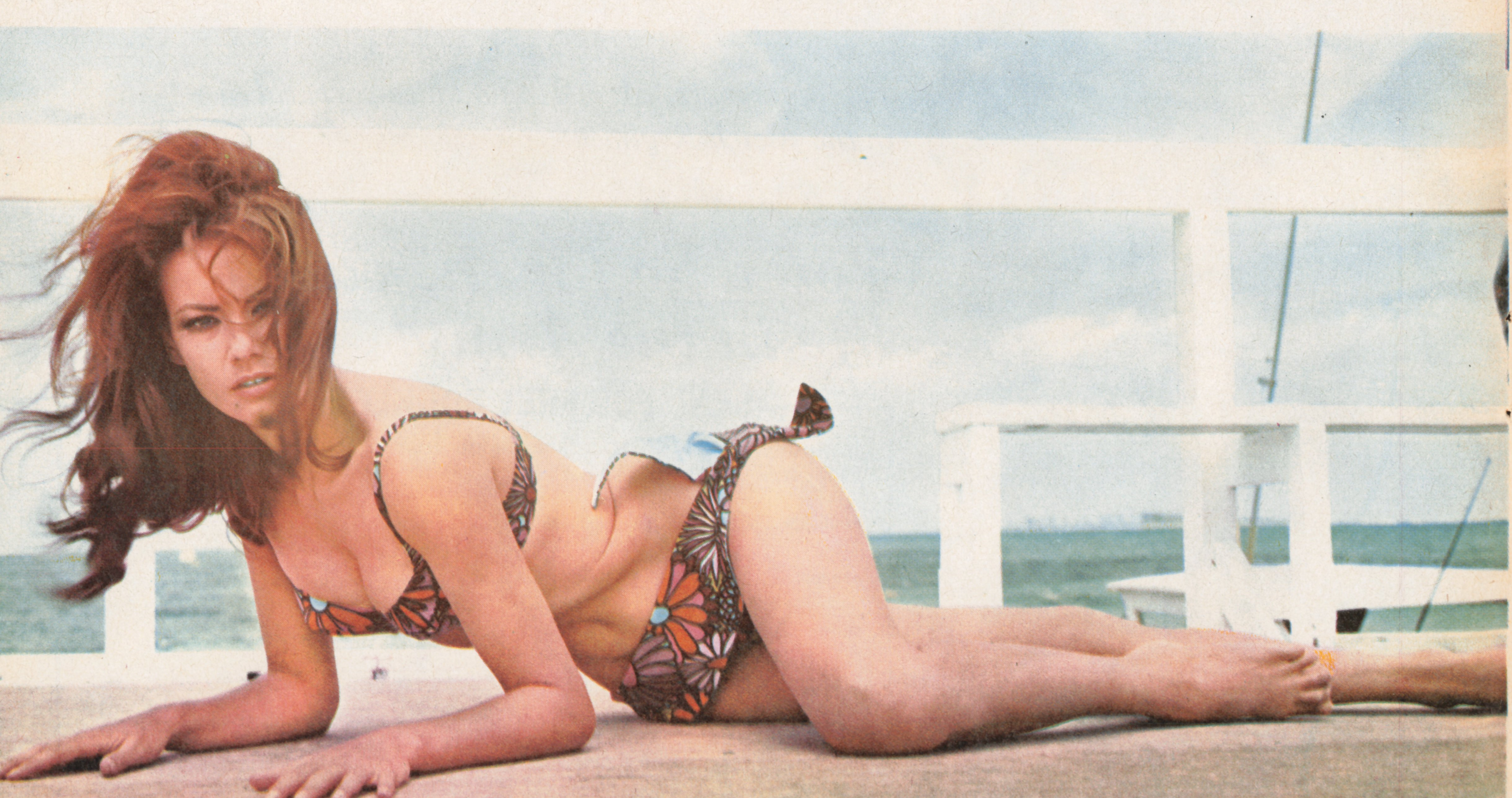
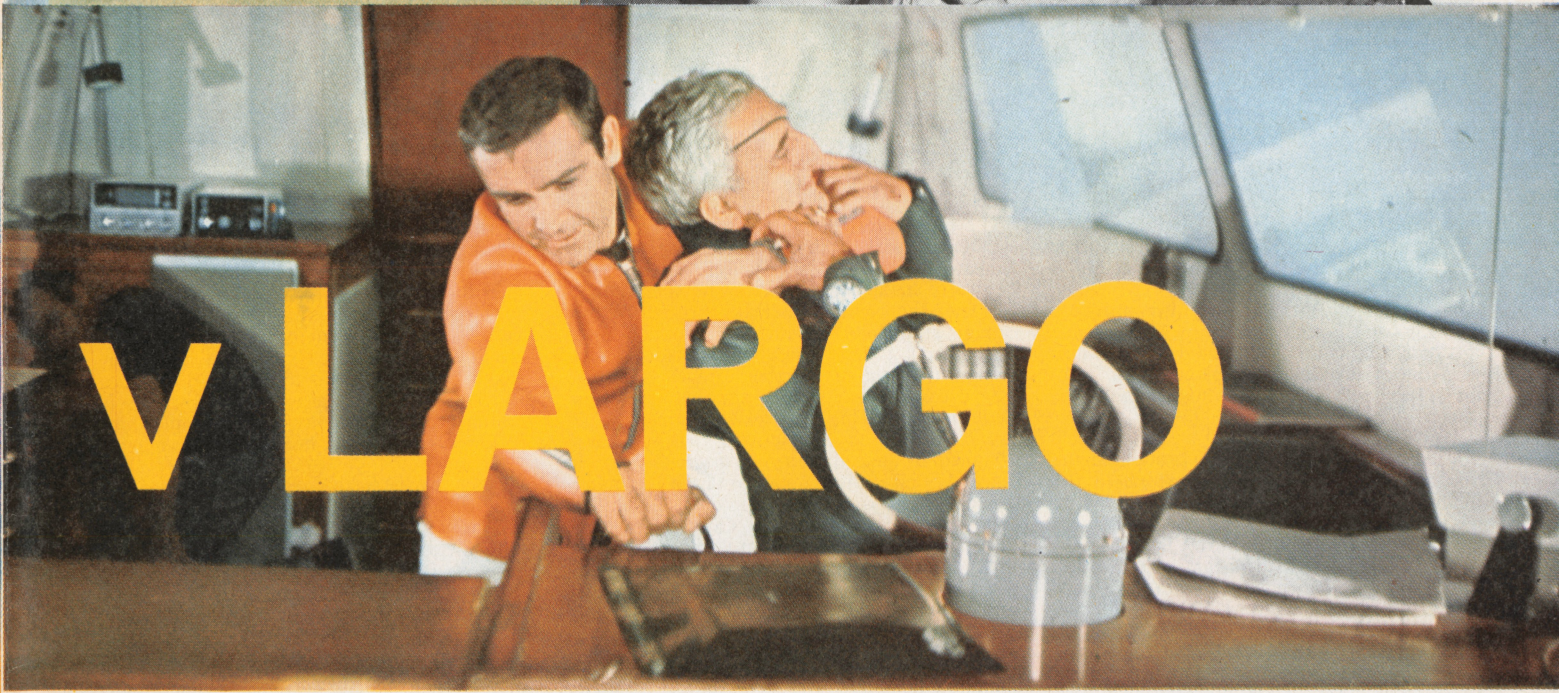
IN *THUNDERBALL* IT'S 007

Claudine Auger (below) plays Domino, Largo's beautiful mistress. Largo himself is played by Adolfo Celi. Our pictures (top right) show him in a fight to the death with Bond. The underwater scenes (top left) play an important part in the new 007 adventure.





v LARGO – and the sparks fly!

JAMES BOND is in trouble. He has just killed an old enemy and the dead villain's cronies have trapped him on a roof. Is it the end for Bond? No! It is just the beginning. In fact, it is *before* the beginning. This crazy, incredible scene is the climax of the pre-credit sequence for *Thunderball*, the latest 007 screen adventure. How does Bond get out of this particular scrape? Simple. He's got a slip-on-the-back rocket-type helicopter and, before you can say Emilio Largo, he's floating out of trouble like someone in a pantomime on the end of a wire.

This sensational start is just to soften you up for what is to come. For, make no mistake, this new Bond thriller is just about the most audacious piece of film-making ever to reach the screen. It's ridiculous! It's monstrous! It's nonsense! And it's undoubtedly the most enjoyable, exciting and imaginative movie you are likely to see this year.

Emilio Largo? Hissssssssss! He's the villain; a cunning, crooked, callous creep who hijacks a NATO H-bomber and threatens to drop the bombs if the Western powers do not cough up a cool £100-million in diamonds.

Along the way, 007 encounters a fabulous foursome of fillies. There's Mollie Peters who, as a "physical"-therapist, caresses away Bond's aches and pains in a most delightful manner; there's the dark-eyed Martine Beswick who is batting on Bond's side, and the red-haired Luciana Paluzzi who isn't (both could play for my team any day); and, finally, there's Claudine Auger, who has Ursula *(Dr. No)* Andress's earthy sex appeal, Daniela *(From Russia With Love)* Bianchi's sultry sophistication and Honor *(Goldfinger)* Blackman's mature beauty. Claudine plays Largo's mistress . . . until Bond comes along.

Adolfo Celi, as the villain Largo, is subtly wicked. He makes a magnificent opponent for 007.

What about Sean Connery? As bland and polished as ever, he is perfect as Bond.

Well done, director Terence Young. You may not get an Oscar. You don't need one. *Thunderball* will be a hit everywhere.

Continued overleaf

THE HEROES OF TELEMARK

THE HEROES OF TELEMARK tells a true war story and it's a good thing it *is* true because, if it were based on pure fiction, it could be criticised for being too far-fetched. The astonishing thing is that until producer Ben Fisz and director Anthony Mann made this remarkable film, few people were familiar with the events that took place in the Telemark region of Norway in those terrible war years.

How vital were those events? They shattered Hitler's chances of producing the first atomic bomb and, as someone in the film says, "If he gets the bomb first . . . he wins the war."

Just what did happen in Telemark in 1943–4? The story really begins when a tiny roll of microfilm is smuggled from the Norsk Hydro factory at Vemork. The factory is producing heavy water, but no one realises the terrifying significance of this until the microfilm is sent to London and, later, to Washington. The heavy water is vital to Germany's atomic experiments and soon it becomes obvious, if Hitler is to be beaten in the race to harness atomic fission, the factory must be destroyed.

Scientist Kirk Douglas and Resistance fighter Richard Harris are asked to ascertain whether or not a bombing raid on the factory could be successful. They decide an air attack would be doomed to failure as the building fits snugly into the side of a huge mountain. The bombs would be unlikely to penetrate the plant with any accuracy, but they would undoubtedly destroy the nearby village and many of its 6,000 inhabitants.

The Allies, therefore, decide to send over 50 Commandos to launch a ground attack. Back in Telemark, nine Norwegian Resistance men, including Douglas and Harris, prepare a strip of snow on which the Commandos can land in their gliders.

The plan ends in disaster. The aircraft, in appalling weather conditions, crash, killing all the men aboard.

This poses Douglas and Harris a new problem: should they and the seven other Norwegians go ahead with the plan to blow up the factory without help from Britain? Harris says yes, Douglas says no. But Harris has a forceful tongue and, in a short time, the nine saboteurs are inside the German defences and the dynamite has been deposited. The raid is, however, only a partial success. Later the two men discover that the factory is, once again, in full production. Hitler is as close to his atomic bomb as he was before.

Then more vital news leaks through. While an air attack has failed to halt production at the Norsk Hydro, the enemy decides—as a precaution against further attacks—to ship its precious heavy-water supplies—and the equipment making it—back to Germany. The load is to be transported across Lake Tinnsjo by the train ferry, *Hydro*.

Although it means certain death for many fellow countrymen, the saboteurs, after consulting the Norwegian Government in London, decide reluctantly to sink the ship by planting dynamite in the bows. The operation is a complete success. The ship sinks in the middle of the lake. And with it goes Germany's hopes of the first atomic bomb.

Anthony Mann's film keeps very close to the actual incidents that took place in Norway. It is filmed on the actual spots. And if you think that Ulla Jacobsson (who plays Kirk's ex-wife) is brought in simply to add glamour and romance to the story you are wrong. Knut Haukelid, the only man to take part in both raids, *did* meet up with his ex-wife during that time and they *were* reunited.

It is not this incident, however, which prompts me to say the story almost seems too remarkable to be true. It is the complete lack of intelligence the enemy showed in guarding the heavy water.

Although the various ways of approach to the factory were heavily guarded, there was a chink in the armour and the saboteurs had little trouble finding it. Once inside the plant, you discover that the high-concentration room, where the heavy water was made, did not, as you may imagine, have a small army of guards posted outside 24 hours a day. In fact, the first the Germans knew of the raid was when the explosives went off. By that time the saboteurs were well on the way to their escape route.

The raid on the ship was even more incredible. While the enemy went to great pains to make sure nothing happened to the heavy water as it was being transported by train to the ferry, they did absolutely nothing to safeguard against sabotage on the ferry itself. One of the men who took part in the actual raid on the ferry said there were no German soldiers about when they arrived at the scene.

Why wasn't the ship surrounded by guards? And, if that wasn't thought necessary, why wasn't a full-scale search made before the ferry left on its important journey?

No doubt the Reichskommisar in Norway asked many questions like this—but he was too late. And just as well—for there is no telling what disastrous events would have followed had the heavy water reached Germany.

As you may have guessed, the story is the star of *The Heroes Of Telemark*. But running it a close second is Mann's dispassionate but nevertheless sensitive direction. His camera takes you right back to those dreadful war days. He captures the mood of the time as well as the stark beauty of the setting in which the story takes place. The raid on the factory is tautly constructed and the chase scenes across the snow are thrillingly filmed.

Douglas and Harris make a lively and colourful team, and Ulla Jacobsson is wholly believable as a woman who makes "a very bad ex-wife". I can't understand why a great actor like Michael Redgrave should have been cast in a part as achromatic as that of the Uncle who gives his life to help the saboteurs. Something might have been done to make the character more interesting. That is, however, only a small point. As I said, the story is the real star.

WHAT IS HEAVY WATER ?

As early as 1939, German scientists had publicly stated that the manufacture of heavy water (Deuterium Oxide) might become vitally important in the impending war.

Heavy water is water in which the normal hydrogen content has been replaced by heavy hydrogen. In 5,000 gallons of ordinary water there is only one gallon of heavy water. It tastes, smells and looks exactly like ordinary water, but it is about 12 per cent heavier.

Heavy water is not in itself a part of the atomic bomb. But it is an important factor in experiments.

THE EARLY BIRD

●Norman Wisdom's new comedy, *The Early Bird*, is his first Pinewood film to be made in colour and it was well worth the extra cost. In the film, Norman plays a milkman. He and his boss (Edward Chapman) go to war against a rival firm, the powerful Consolidated Dairies, and their boss, Jerry Desmond. And you can guess who wins!

Norman is always willing to do someone a good turn and, in *The Early Bird*, he decides to take his boss (Edward Chapman) a cup of tea in bed. Of course, with Norman a simple task like this can become something of a major operation. As it happens the good turn ends disastrously . . . Norman manages to spill the tea all over the unsuspecting man.

Norman has a wonderful feeling of power when he finds himself in control of the fireman, and more or less in control of the hose through which hundreds of gallons of water are gushing. Few people could make a scene of this kind so funny.

With his boss by his side, Norman walks with quiet dignity from the devastation which he has brought to Consolidated Dairies. The battle of the bottles is over and, by the look on Norman's face, it's not difficult to guess who has won.

LAMPTON'S *LIFE AT THE TOP*

●According to Laurence Harvey's new film, *Life At The Top* is far spicier than *Room At The Top*. The sequel takes up the story ten years later and the same characters are involved. There are, however, some changes in the cast; for instance, Susan, Joe Lampton's wife, is now played by Jean Simmons and not Heather Sears.

Joe (that's Harvey) is still under the thumb of his class-conscious father-in-law, Abe Brown. But although he has been promoted to an important position within Brown's firm, he is not called in for a vital meeting at which Brown announces his intentions to merge with a rival company.

While things are warming up in the board-room they are almost at boiling point in the bedroom. Susan has eyes for Mark, the husband of her best friend, Sybil. And while she is making her Mark, Joe is falling for the charms of TV interviewer Norah Hauxley (Honor Blackman).

Meanwhile, lurking in the background is George Aisgill, who you may remember was Alice's husband in *Room At The Top*. Before he married Susan, Joe and Alice were lovers and Aisgill has never forgiven Joe for his wife's death.

The story moves at a fast pace and the dialogue is crisp. Laurence Harvey has matured tremendously since *Room At The Top*. In *Life At The Top* Joe Lampton becomes a real character.

Doris and Rod make an excellent team

●Rod Taylor is no Rock Hudson, but he's got enough charm to keep *Do Not Disturb* afloat. Of course, with Doris Day around it isn't possible for a comedy to be dull and this zany piece is a giggle from start to finish.

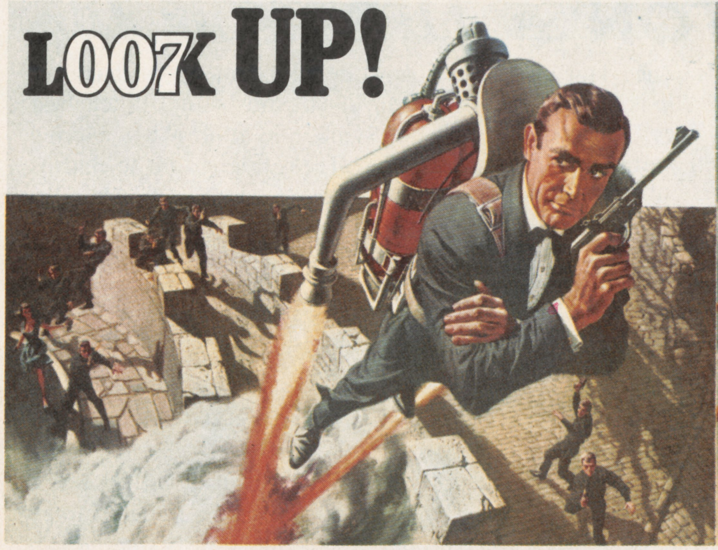
Rod is an energetic and ambitious executive for Baird Woollens; Doris is his lush wife. Business brings him to London and Doris joins him. That's when the fun starts.

While Rod is busy about his business, Doris, instead of providing a pad close to Rod's office, has picked a country house, with its own brook, for their home. That means Rod has to make a 60-mile journey every day.

There are minor incidents in the early days of their country life which prompt him to think the London flat would have been a better bet, but generally it seems as if they are settling pretty well. Then, after a particularly busy day at the office, Rod tastes the sour side of country life. First he is floored by a goat, then he is nearly electrocuted while trying to mend a lamp.

The couple quarrel but soon make it up. Then comes a party at which Rod's secretary is the official hostess. Rod has decided to promote her from secretary to assistant, and Doris rebels inwardly when she senses that the girl is possessive with her husband. . .

Do Not Disturb is a fast-moving comedy. It's slick and sophisticated. Director Ralph Levy has made an excellent job of Milton Rosen and Richard Breen's amusing screenplay.



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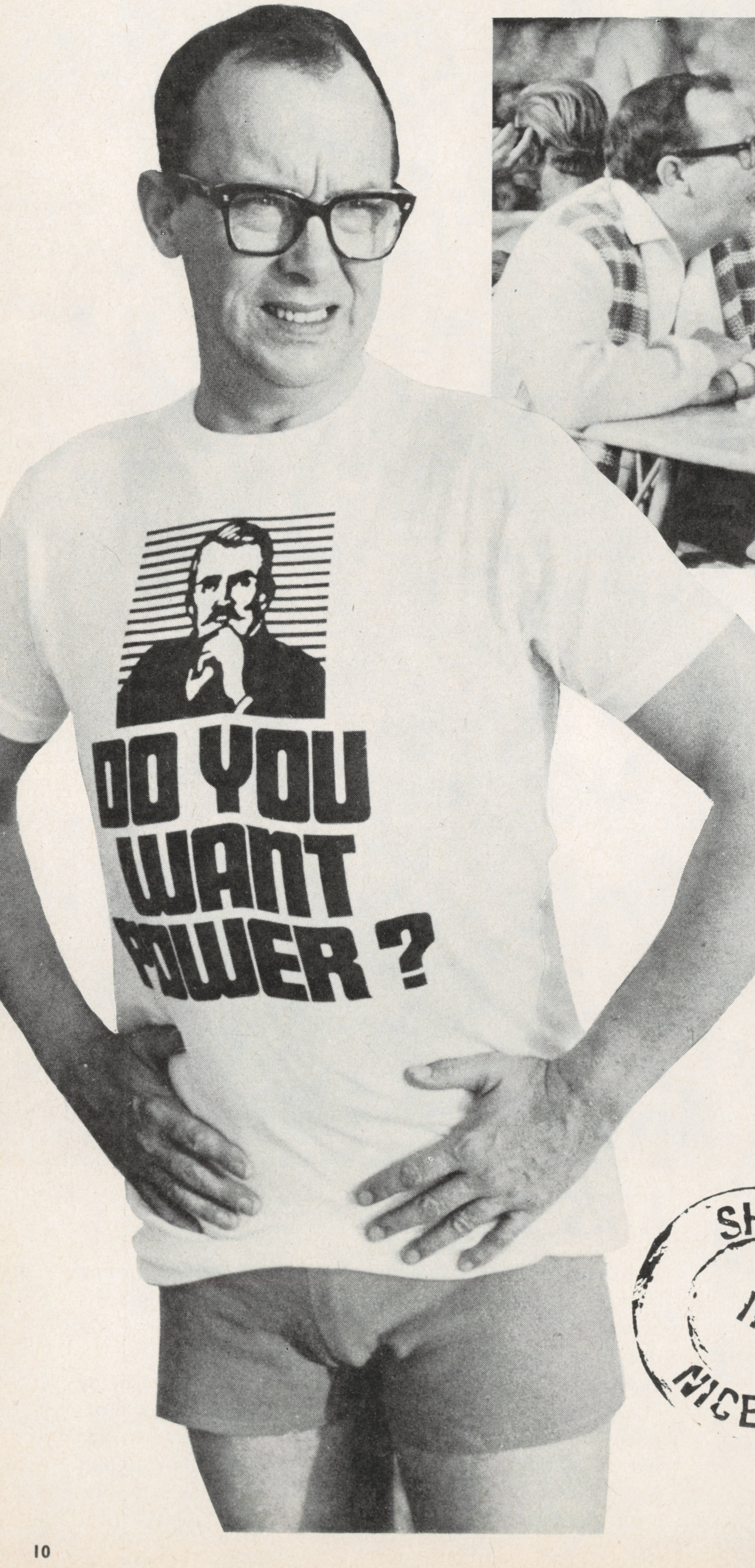
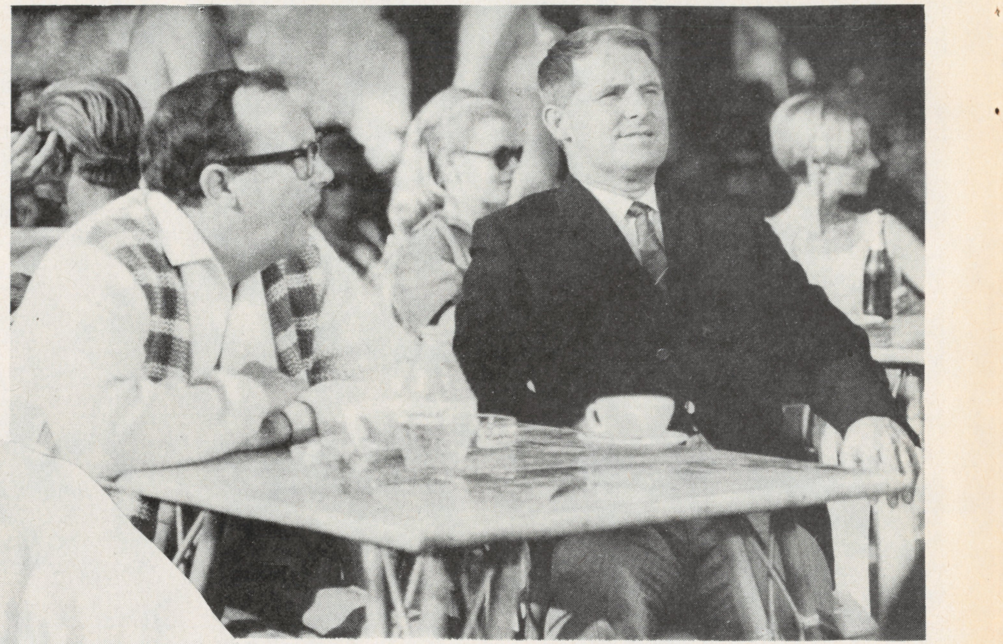
KING RAT

●Bryan Forbes has done a wonderful job in turning James Clavell's savage novel, *King Rat*, into a film. His perceptive screenplay has captured all the excitement and drama of Clavell's book, which was based on the author's experiences as a prisoner-of-war in the notorious Changi Jail on Singapore Island. George Segal, James Fox, Alan Webb, Tom Courtenay and John Mills star in this harrowing but thought-provoking production. Don't expect just another prisoner-of-war escape story. This is a film with a difference.

ERIC AND ERNIE




Eric and Ernie, having just arrived on the Riviera, watch the girls go by while making up their minds where to go.

SHOWTIME IN NICE

IT was worth coming down to the South of France in time to see Morecambe and Wise shoot what the people working on the film call "the helicopter sequence".

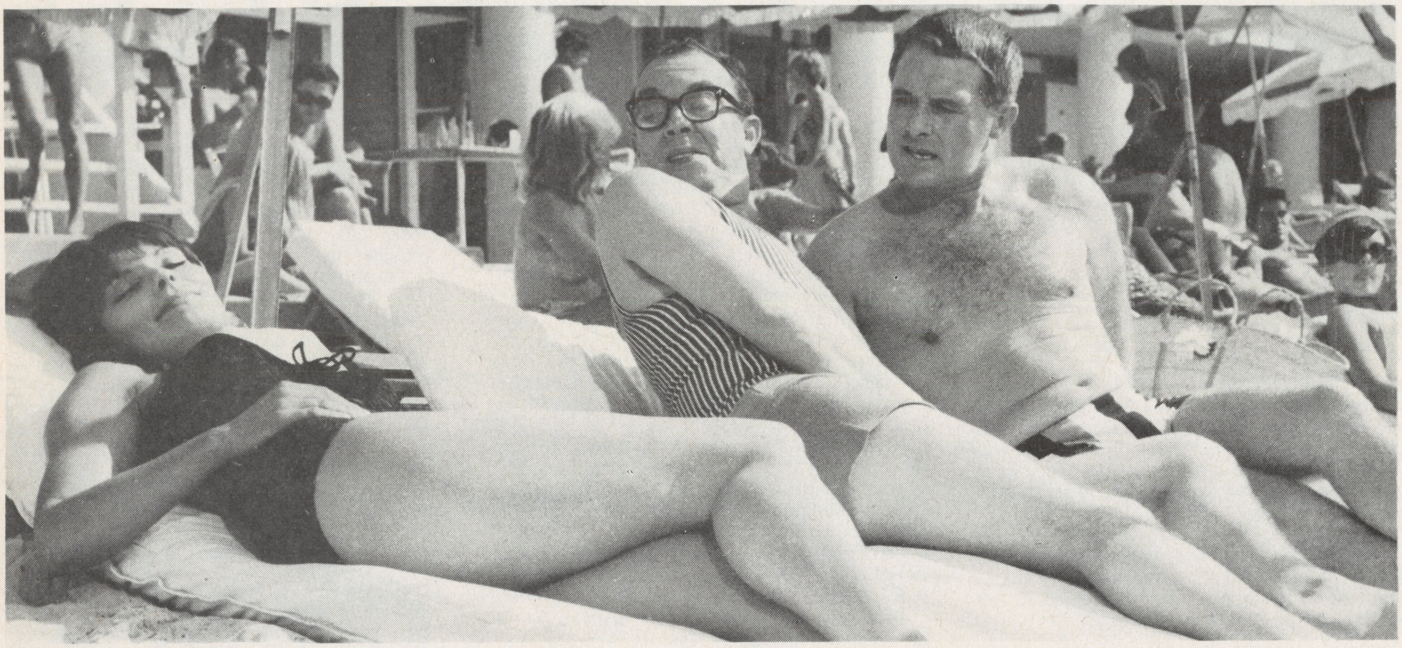
I've seen Ernie and Eric get up to some crazy tricks in the past, but there has never been anything quite like this.

Nice was the spot chosen to shoot the important location scenes for *That Riviera Touch*, Ernie and Eric's new comedy. Producer Hugh Stewart and director Cliff Owen decided, quite rightly, it was no good trying to capture the colour, warmth and excitement of the Riviera in this country, so off they went, with their fingers crossed for good weather. And, although it has not been all that marvellous, it could have been a lot worse.

The helicopter scene the boys have filmed is hilarious. And there's more to it than simply having one of them pilot the machine. What we saw was Ernie dangling from the helicopter on the end of a rope, with Eric directly below on water-skis skimming the waves. And they didn't use doubles!

"We were quite looking forward to it," Ernie told me. "Then someone in the crew said he met a local fisherman going out that morning to do a bit of shark fishing. I paled a bit at that. Eric? He said he'd known me for too long to let any shark worry him. Anyway, as you saw, it *was* the real thing. Mind you, getting Eric into the water

ON THE RIVIERA



The boys weigh up their chances of winning favour with the sleeping dark-haired beauty (Suzanne Lloyd).

was an achievement. He can't swim."

I told Ernie I was rather impressed with his "rope trick" and he gave me an it-was-nothing smile.

"The helicopter was about 50 feet up, you know," he said. "Actually, I didn't mind dangling on the rope so much. It was stepping out of the helicopter's door into nowhere that got me."

This new Morecambe and Wise comedy finds the boys deep in trouble again. In their first film, *The Intelligence Men*, it was the spy game which kept them busy. This time it's simply crime. But the gangsters are big-time boys, played by Paul Stassino, George Eugeniou and George Pastell.

"They're all nasty bits of work," Ernie said. "We get involved with the two rival gangs. They're international jewel thieves and, as you may expect, there's a gangster's moll. She's played by Suzanne Lloyd. Rather a dish, I can tell you."

The boys have had a reasonably quiet time on location. The French do not, of course, know their work. Also, with Tony Curtis, Rita Hayworth and Kim Novak filming in these parts, the local people are a bit blasé about the business of making films.

There was, however, one hectic day when a coach drew up and out piled a crowd of British holidaymakers—from Wigan.

"We spent hours signing autographs," said Eric. "But we didn't mind. It was nice to see someone from home."

A quiet game of cards on the beach at Juan les Pins is interrupted by the arrival of a bevy of beauties.

OWTIME
IN
HOLLYWOOD

SUCCESS-IPCRESS STYLE

●British is still best in Hollywood! Biggest success here this season has been your clever spy drama, *The Ipcress File*. It is booming. The takings are fantastic—beating Doris Day's box-office records in many towns. And just look what *Ipcress* has done for its star team.

1. THE STAR—MICHAEL CAINE is here making a fast-moving suspense-thriller called *Gambit*. The star is SHIRLEY MacLAINE. She saw *Ipcress* and asked for Mike as her co-star. Just like that.

2. THE DIRECTOR—SIDNEY J. FURIE is here now directing no less an histrionic personage than the mighty MARLON BRANDO in a new Western, *Cocatlan*. Brando also saw *Ipcress* and mumbled for Sid. Just like that. (Sid next directs TONY CURTIS in *Eli Kotch*).

3. THE CO-STAR—NIGEL GREEN, one of the great stalwarts of British character actors (considered hereabouts the best in the world), is here making *The Cliffs At Mersa* alongside ROCK HUDSON and GEORGE PEPPARD. Rock saw *Ipcress* and nodded for Nigel. Yes, just like that.

"Isn't it marvellous?" grinned an enthusiastic Mike Caine when we lunched last week. "The *Ipcress* boys have just about taken over the Universal studios here! Naturally we all hoped for a big success with the film in America. Never dreamed it would go as well as this. I always thought it would be too subtle for Americans. In fact, it proved to be perhaps too subtle for the British.

"The film did well in Britain, of course. Very well. We made a profit and everything. But here . . . I think Harry [*producer HARRY SALTZMAN*] was thinking in terms of four million dollars. Last time I saw figures, it had taken around 15 million and was still going strong!"

A lot of praise for the film's huge success must go to Mike—as star and, more important, as salesman. He made his first trip to the States in the autumn to publicise the film. "I was giving interviews to the Press at the rate of one an hour from breakfast at 8 a.m. to dinner at 8 p.m.," he told me.

Result: Michael Caine is now known throughout America. And the girls here are again making passes at men who wear glasses!

This laudable British infiltration of the Hollywood camp is nothing new; it's really like an invasion this year, what with BRYAN FORBES making *King Rat* and TONY RICHARDSON busy with *The Loved One*.

British girls, too, have never been so much in demand. JULIE ANDREWS is the regular Queen of Hollywood these days. Having completed the huge epic story of *Hawaii*, she is now making ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S 50th film, *Torn Curtain*, with PAUL NEWMAN.

PREDICTION: Julie and Paul will provide The Kiss of 1966. Newman is well-established (according to my secretary and other girls) as the best screen-kisser of them all. Julie, too, excelled in her love scenes—in *The Americanisation Of Emily*. Put these two together with a director like Hitch, famous for his long kiss sequences, and there you have the makings of a classic scene.

My money is on Julie and Paul to beat the previous best of Hitch when it comes to romance. Better even than JAMES STEWART and GRACE KELLY in *Rear Window* . . . better than CARY GRANT and EVA MARIE SAINT in *North By Northwest*.

Lights! Action! And Stella Stevens watches a new scene being shot for her latest film, *Synanon*, which also stars Chuck Connors, Alex Cord, and Eartha Kitt.

SAMANTHA EGGAR is the latest (British!) girl to be kissing Cary Grant—in *Walk Don't Run*, made in Tokyo. I thought the London reviews of *The Collector* were rather tepid; but who can deny that Sam gave a staggering performance and has really arrived on the star scene?

Not long back from Tokyo, she is now looking after the baby—while husband TOM STERN goes to work. He's making *Methuselah Jones*, the first film for his own company, New London Productions.

Vying with the British for some of the best roles available are the European stars. The women especially. CLAUDIA CARDINALE has been back to make *The Professionals* with BURT LANCASTER, JACK PALANCE and LEE MARVIN. And she may yet have time to join the Brando Western—before FRANCOISE DORLEAC rides off with the role.

Surprise comedy team: Tony Curtis partners Jerry Lewis in *Boeing-Boeing*. The film is based on the successful play.

Meanwhile, Françoise's sister, CATHERINE DENEUVE, is wanted by FRANK SINATRA for *The Naked Runner;* Frank is currently very happy in the company of VIRNA LISI for *Assault On The Queen*.

Although continually talking of retiring in order to concentrate on the business side of things, Frank is working harder than ever. His latest signings include British director CLIVE (*Pussycat*) DONNOR on a three-film contract and actor BRAD DEXTER to an executive post with Sinatra Enterprises. He's also bought an airline company, exclusively tailored to the needs of film companies.

Dexter and Sinatra are very close. Brad has appeared in most of the recent Sinatra films, and continues acting while becoming an executive. His first idea in his new capacity was for Frank to buy the British thriller book, *The Naked Runner*. Now Brad is associate producer of the film!

Obviously Sinatra cannot do enough for Brad Dexter. The reason is simple enough. It was Dexter who saved Sinatra from drowning during that swimming incident in Hawaii last year . . .!

Sinatra, by the way, has just won another Oscar . . . in *The Oscar* film. He makes a guest appearance in a presentation scene. BOB HOPE is M.C. as usual, with Frankie getting his award from MERLE OBERON.

Continued on page 16

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A
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TYPE

Warm seas and cool blondes—the James Bond* recipe for the good life. Like to try it without getting into deep water? Then be a Premium Bond type. Four times a year (February, May, August, November) there's a jackpot prize of £25,000, and *every* month a chance of winning £5,000, and thousands of other cash prizes. But you can't lose—your money's safe and you can cash your Bonds at any time. This is a thrilling way of saving!

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SHOWTIME AT PINEWOOD

NITROUS OXIDE? It's a gas!

THEY'RE switched on at Pinewood all right. James Robertson Justice has turned on the nitrous oxide. Result: snorting fits of glorious guffaws from everyone in sight. Leslie Phillips is spluttering . . . Shirley Anne Field screaming . . . John Fraser sniggering . . . Joan Sims hooting . . . Arthur Haynes, finally succumbing to the noxious gases, writhes and quakes madly on the floor. Nearby, some nurses giggle helplessly.

Next to the camera, director Ralph Thomas is roaring, and his poor producer, Betty Box, is literally in tears from laughter. Between them, Betty and Ralph have turned on the laughing gas in more ways than one with this sixth Doctor film: *Doctor In Clover*.

"Fine," yells Ralph above the cheer cacophony. "Print that one—now let's simmer down for a minute . . ." The most hysterical part of a nurses' party sequence is over. But not the laughter.

ENTER: PETE & DUD

"We're not comics... but we'll continue as long

●Comedy teams are stampeding back into films. Morecambe and Wise in London. Allen and Rossi in Hollywood. And now that brilliantly offbeat duo, Pete and Dud. The gangling (6 ft. 1½ in.) Peter Cook, of the austere, staring-eyed appearance, and his diminutive (5 ft. 3 in.) partner, "Cuddly" Dudley Moore, curly-haired and cheeky. A winning, if odd, mixture, this. The scriptwriter and the jazz pianist, who together have created the freshest comedy style since the birth of *Steptoe And Son.*

Originally their success came on stage, in both the West End and Broadway, with the rest of the famous *Beyond The Fringe* quartet. Cook and Moore then stayed together to become undoubtedly THE comedians of 1965 on TV and discs. Now Bryan Forbes has signed them—a coup of a debut—for his £700,000 production, *The Wrong Box.*

They have other films planned—together, separately, and with the other "Fringies". They've also been begged to "write what you like and we'll back it" by various moguls. But Forbes' film was the first offer they found acceptable. One look at the madly macabre story of avaricious relations fighting for a fortune, plus their impressive co-stars, and you can see why they jumped at it.

The film, "which we're currently waxing at Pinewood Studios", stars not only John Mills ("Marvellous in *Twinkling Toes Of Toulouse*, I always thought," grinned Cook), Sir Ralph Richardson, Michael Caine and Nanette Newman, but also Tony Hancock and Peter Sellers—"or Psellers as we call him."

Sellers and Hancock, of course, are superb comics—but actors first and foremost. Cook and Moore, however, cannot yet classify themselves. "We're not comics," said Cook. "That sounds like the old music-hall turns. We're not comic-actors, either . . ."

Moore: What are we then, eh Pete?

Cook: A pair of unpleasant, greedy, sycophantic rats. In the frimm, that is.

Moore: The frimm? Don't you mean the film?

Cook: Yes, but I had a very strict old grandmother. Never let us use four-letter words. Fought against it tooth and nail, she did.

Moore: Did she?

Cook: Yes, indeed . . . Nail died,

Everyone from players to spectators is caught up by the mirth, and it takes more than a minute for things to subside.

"Oh dear me," groans Betty Box, wiping away the tears from her eyes. "You know, we'd really forgotten just how much fun these films are to make. Really! This is our first *Doctor* for three years. Oh, yes, we must do another one very soon . . . *Doctor In The Swim*, I think."

A brew-up of Pinewood char (two cups!) helps to calm Betty's giggles and she sits down to explain just why, in fact, the *Doctor* saga has been re-activated. "Sheer demand," she says. "Everyone we meet asks for another. And that includes people within the film industry as well as the fans who are always writing in, begging for more."

Betty and Ralph started the *Doctor* formula long before *Kildare*, *Casey* and *Emergency Ward Ten* helped to boost the public's interest in medicos. Ralph explains the success this way: "Everyone, of all ages, is involved with doctors and medicine and they get a thrill out of our breaking down the terrifying mystique that surrounds the medical profession."

The series has come a long way since its uproarious beginnings ten years ago with *Doctor In The House*—which is still playing up and down the country. Simon Sparrow is no more (though the name is being kept on ice in case Dirk Bogarde wants to return sometime); Dirk's original replacement, Michael Craig, has also moved on. In fact, the only medic to have fully stayed the madcap course is burly James Robertson Justice as the ever-fiery Sir Lancelot Spratt. "And no one else could play him, could they?" asks Ralph. "No!" booms the burly Jimmy from the other side of the set.

The new film has two new doctors—both of the Grimsdyke lineage. Leslie Phillips is Gaston Grimsdyke, a nurse-chaser in the highest traditions of the family name as originally laid down by Donald Sinden. John Fraser, as Gaston's cousin, Miles, however, is far more in the Sparrow mould.

"We've been after John for a *Doctor* film for a long time," says Betty. "Invariably he was committed to other things, though."

"Very glad I could make it this time," says John. "It's all simple-minded stuff, a little on the bawdy side—but splendidly done and immense fun to make. I spend half the time leaning against the set rocking with laughter. Arthur Haynes has me in stitches and I nearly broke up during a take last week with Fenella Fielding—she's so outrageous."

Continued on page 38

as we enjoy it"

as you know, a couple of years ago. Tooth is now living in an old people's home in Dulwich.

Moore: Really. I always thought he'd gone to a monastery in Spain. Anyway, you're wrong about me in the frimm—the film. I play a more cheeky, saucy, little villain who likes money and women and chases after both with equal enthusiasm.

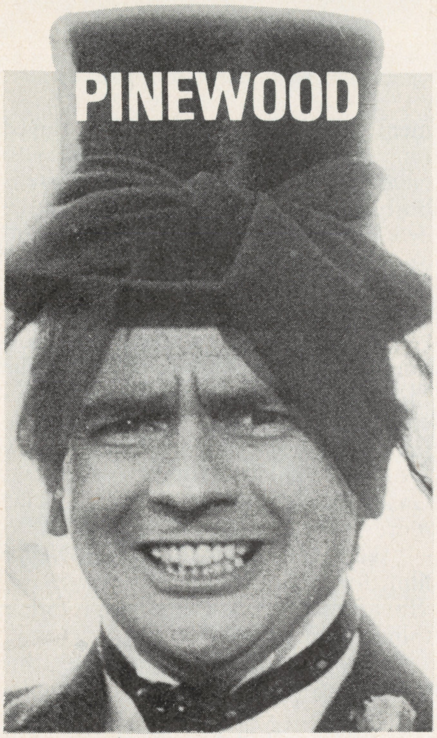
At 30, Moore is still a bachelor and seems to enjoy life; "very disorganised, though." So much so, he recently went out to buy a Mini-Cooper car and returned instead with a £5,000 160-mph Maserati. "Daft, really," he grinned. He now spends more time with the car than at the piano, but stresses that he will never have to choose between music and comedy. He can combine both, and "will never give up music, anyway."

Cook, on the other hand, is younger (27), though he sounds and looks the older. He's married to a former art student, has three children, and supreme fantasies about people like Spotty Muldoon, and E. L. Wisty, his *Braden Beat* character.

"Actually he used to be called

Continued on page 16

PINEWOOD



Writing their own scripts presents no great problem to this team—they simply meet with a tape-recorder...

PETE and DUD continued

Arthur Grole in the *Fringe* days," he explained. "Then for Braden I called him Wisby. But the TV people thought that the Train Robber might sue. So Wisty he was—and is. No, he's far from dead. He's made a record—*The Misty Mr. Wisty*, and I'm sure he'll rise from the grave again soon."

Writing their own scripts presents no great problems to this team. They simply meet with a tape-recorder and just begin. They can improvise a routine for ten minutes or more, without stopping, save for their own insane giggles. "Then we play it back, prune it and make other adjustments," explained Dudley.

Immediately they showed me how. Cook became a BBC-type interviewer talking to Moore — "that fast-rising, new motion-picture starlet, Dierdre Moore . . ." Asked who was directing the film, Moore replied: "Gert Frobe, also known as Bryan Forbes."

"Ah, yes," glowed Cook, "of Gert and Daisy Frobe fame . . . now tell me, have you had any problems with your underwear in this picture?"

And so they go on. Each preparing ground for the other. Each covering up as the other breaks down in stifled laughter. Each making it all look ridiculously easy.

Later, in a more serious mood, they discussed their future projects, and the difficulty they think they might have in finding a good comedy film director. Someone who deals with written, spoken comedy, not just the visual aspects.

In March, Cook goes solo as the star of *Scoop!*, which he has scripted from Evelyn Waugh's satirical novel about Fleet Street. "I play William Boot, a national newspaper's nature correspondent. He studies voles and bees and things, and is very happy in the country, sending in his pieces. Then by mistake he's sent to cover a war . . . Not a very demanding part; all I have to do is look vague all the time!"

Next, Cook and Moore, re-united with the rest of the *Beyond The Fringe* team—Jonathan Miller and Alan Bennett—make *The Curious Gentlemen* for Sam Spiegel, producer of *River Kwai* and *Lawrence Of Arabia*. "We've been taking our time writing this one between the four of us, and are still searching for the right director to control us."

Cook and Moore are also taking their time penning a film for themselves. "On a Faust theme," said Cook. "I'll be a sort of agent who promises Dudley — a dye - factory worker—success in the film world. Great opportunities to work in anything we like!"

Meanwhile, for Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, the die is cast. But they do not intend to stick together as a team.

They'll work together or on their own as and when necessary— "for as long as we enjoy doing it; that's the important thing."

And then? "I'd like to make *The Bible*," laughed Moore, "with Jayne Mansfield as Adam and Betty Hutton as Mary Magdalen."

"One film I'd like to see," added Cook, "is *Kathy Kirby Meets Andy Stewart* . . .!"

JOHN WEBSTER

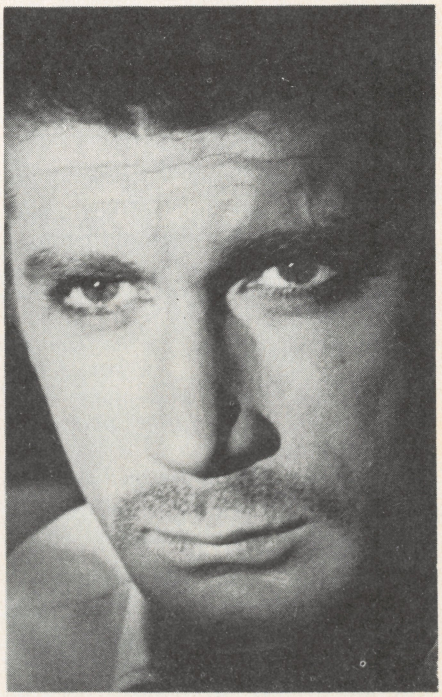
HOLLYWOOD

Continued

The trio's fees are going to Merle's charity for poverty-stricken Mexican children.

And what of CARROLL BAKER, that most over-publicised "sex-symbol" of Hollywood? Why hasn't she worked since *Harlow*, you ask? One reason is a legal case against her producer, JOE LEVINE. Another is that she really doesn't need to work again. From the profits of *Harlow* alone, old Baby Doll will add a cool million dollars to her piggy-bank!

In brief: DORIS DAY'S comedies (they earn 10 million dollars apiece) come to an end with her 12th, *Fifth Avenue Follies;* then it's a chilling drama with DEAN MARTIN. ● It's JOHN WAYNE versus ROBERT MITCHUM in *El Dorado*. ● KIRK DOUGLAS wants ANGIE DICKINSON for *Favour The Runner*. ● ALAN LADD'S widow, SUE CAROL, is now a producer at Paramount. ● Could be JULIE ANDREWS with CARY GRANT in *The Public Eye*. ● DEBORAH KERR and OMAR SHARIF in *Wilder Shores Of Love*. ● *The Sandpiper* is earning around 26 million dollars! ● BURTON'S next solo will be *Reflections In A Golden Eye*. ● JACK LEMMON will make *Cool Hand Luke* for his outfit. ● BRANDO has bought *The Cold, Cold Box* for his. ● So far some 207 different discs feature *Mary Poppins* tunes. ● Motor-racing films are back: STEVE McQUEEN in *The Day Of The Champion;* and ROCK HUDSON, PAUL NEWMAN and WARREN BEATTY in *Grand Prix*. ● Finally, how's this for the title of the year: *Never Steal Anything Wet* . . .!



Crippled by polio as a child, Alex Cord (above) beat the paralysis to become a rodeo rider. Next he overcame his Western drawl to become a Shakespearean actor. Now he's in Hollywood—and is my tip for stardom in 1966. In London, with plays like *Play With A Tiger*, he used his own name: Alex Viespi. In Hollywood, he's Alex Cord and making a big hit in *Synanon* with Stella Stevens. He's also playing the old John Wayne role in the big re-make of *Stagecoach*.

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SHOWTIME IN MADRID

THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN

●People go to Madrid for all sorts of reasons. **GEORGE HAMILTON** flew in with a toothache. As good an excuse as any, I suppose. His dental operation was all set up, when his own doctor suggested he should fly home to America for the surgery. Pondering on the wisdom of this, and upon wisdom teeth in general, George manfully decided instead to get enough anti-biotics to last him through eight weeks of teeth-clenching thrills in a bank-robbery film on location in Almeria.

His partner in crime, by the way, is **CLAUDINE AUGER**—her first film since *Thunderball*. And yet another exciting co-star for the Hamilton record. He's been doing well in this direction lately. He starred recently with **BRIGITTE BARDOT** and **JEANNE MOREAU** (picture above). The film? *Viva Maria!* His verdict? "They're both sweet—very, very sweet."

How did George win the role with two of the most sensational women in the world? By taking a holiday!

He told me the story as we eyed the senoritas over drinks at the Castallana Hilton. "I'd planned a water-ski-ing vacation in Mexico," he began. "My mother was all against it, though. '*Never heard of anything so spineless*,' she kept saying. '*You always used to fight for work—why stop now and take a rest?*' The reason was simple. I needed the rest. I'd been working for, oh, maybe two years without let-up. So despite my mother's scornful concern, off I went . . .

"Then . . . there I was, skimming over a lake on my skis in Mexico when some guy on the beach started waving at me like crazy. I was wanted on the phone. It was some girl. '*How would you like to make a movie in Mexico?*' she asked.

" 'No,' I told her, ' I think I can do without a Mexican picture just now.'

" '*No, no, it's a French production.*'

" 'I don't speak French. Anyway, who's in it?'

" '*Bardot and Moreau*—'

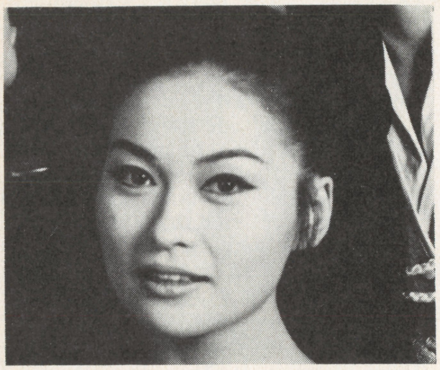
" 'I'll learn the language immediately . . . when do I start?' "

George's success with the language led to this new film, which is also in French. "I believe an actor should always keep in work—whatever that work might be," explained George. "I've done almost everything—compering TV beat-shows, playing summer stock (that's like your 'rep') in *Gigi*, dancing with **DANNY KAYE** on TV, making records—and fortunately my film roles have always been varied. This is the way it should be. Then, eventually, I'll find my real line—what I'm really best at.

Visiting the *Dr. Zhivago* set, Claudia Cardinale meets director David Lean and star Omar Sharif.

"Take any of the good old stars; Bogart, Gable and so on—this is what they all did. Because of the old contract system they were given all kinds of roles to play, until they found their feet in one particular department . . ."

So far George has filmed twice in London. He had expected to be in London, instead of Spain, making *The Wrong Box* for **BRYAN FORBES.** "There was work-permit trouble," he said. "An American can't work in London when there's a British actor ready, willing and able to take the part. **MICHAEL CAINE** was offered the film first. He couldn't fit it in. Bryan asked me. I agreed, and then Michael found he was free after all. I had a very nice, apologetic letter from Bryan explaining everything. No matter—I hope to be working in London soon."



Memo to producer Betty Box: If you're still planning *Innocent Abroad*, I've found the perfect Japanese heroine for you. Her name is Helen Funai. She's among the various *Forum* darlings, and is one of James Coburn's close friends in *Our Man Flint*. She's a fantastic dancer—and no mean actress.

With George, I met his old buddy **SEAN FLYNN**—son of the immortal Errol, and a veritable chip off the old block. "George and I grew up together in Hollywood—a traumatic experience for both of us," laughed Sean. "We usually meet up when he's this side of the world." Sean himself is still busy making Continental thud-and-blunder films. "Don't care what you critics say," he stressed. "I'm serious about my career . . . else I wouldn't be doing it."

He hasn't had a good enough offer to induce him to work in Britain, so his trips here are always short—to buy clothes and rifles. Rifles? "I love big game hunting. I'm often in Africa as a white hunter's assistant." Yes, a veritable chip, all right . . .

Madrid was like one huge film studio, working overtime, during my trip. Film units were out EVERYWHERE. Often next door to one another! On a day out with the second-unit team on *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum*, I borrowed a horse for a ride around the rocky area. I left *Forum's* ancient Roman chariots in one pass, to discover French jeeps and soldiers, alias *The Centurions*, blowing up another. Down a shade, I said hello to a passing cowboy, receiving a Spanish grunt in return—I'd ridden into a Spanish Western set!

Still, all was friendly between the various units. For instance, if *The Centurions* blew up any of the *Forum* rocks by mistake, they replaced them with dummies the next morning. And while shooting his hilarious chariot-chase one morning, the *Forum* second-unit director, **BOB SIMMONS,** borrowed a cowboy and Injun from the set next door, and had them join in the mad chase. Just the sort of crazy notion that the film's director **DICK LESTER** loves . . .

Also enjoying the Spanish sun was American actor **JOHN WALTER** (**TREVOR HOWARD'S** assistant in *The Liquidator*) who, while holidaying in Madrid, found himself the star of a specially added sequence to the Cinerama war epic, *Battle Of The Bulge*. Johnny, who used to own night-clubs, freely admits he has never had an acting lesson in his life. "But you're acting all the time in the clubs—greeting people, compering the shows and so on. Why did I become an actor? I wanted to see the world. I began in TV series and some very fine play productions." And this led to films? "Yes—and no. Seems I was picked for *The Liquidator* because I'd been seen . . . in a TV commercial!"

Whether or not he makes the third **BEATLES** film ("I want to; they want me to; but it's a matter of time—whether I'm free when they want to start"), **DICK LESTER** will definitely make a third film with **MICHAEL CRAWFORD.** After *The Knack*, and *Forum*, Dick and Mike will meet again for *How I Won The War*, a spoof of all war films—and Mike's greatest opportunity to date. "If handled well," says Dick, "I think Mike could be Britain's **JACK LEMMON.**" Agreed!

I found **OMAR SHARIF** acting like a man facing demob. He was literally counting the hours and minutes to the end of his nine-month part as *Dr. Zhivago*. "I've felt this impatience only since the end was actually in sight," he commented. "*Lawrence Of Arabia*, also for **DAVID LEAN,** took just as long, I know. But then we had a break when we left the desert and came to Spain for other locations. Seemed like making a different film . . . But this . . . this has seemed endless." Omar flies next to Nice, to join **TERENCE YOUNG'S** star-laden UNO special, *Flowers Of Evil*. "I have just one scene," smiled the Egyptian star. "One scene—one week . . . shared with **TREVOR HOWARD, YUL BRYNNER,**

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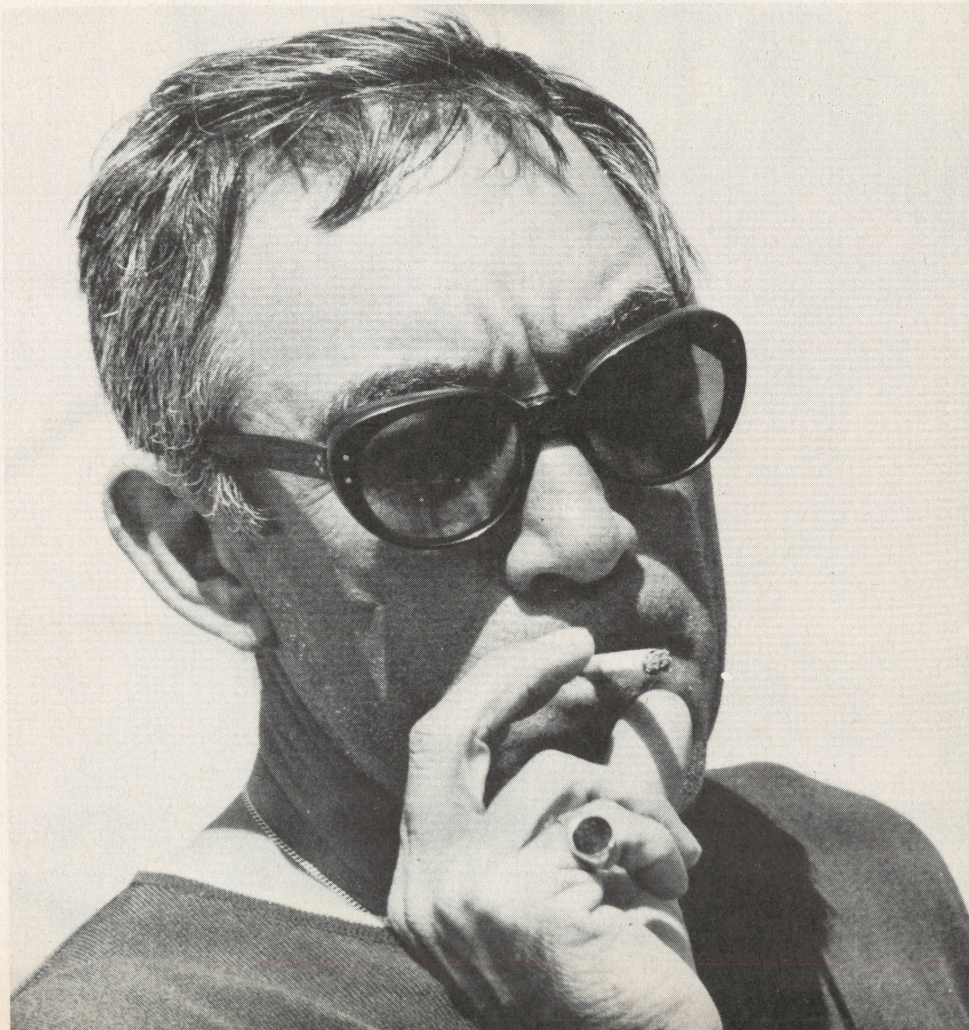
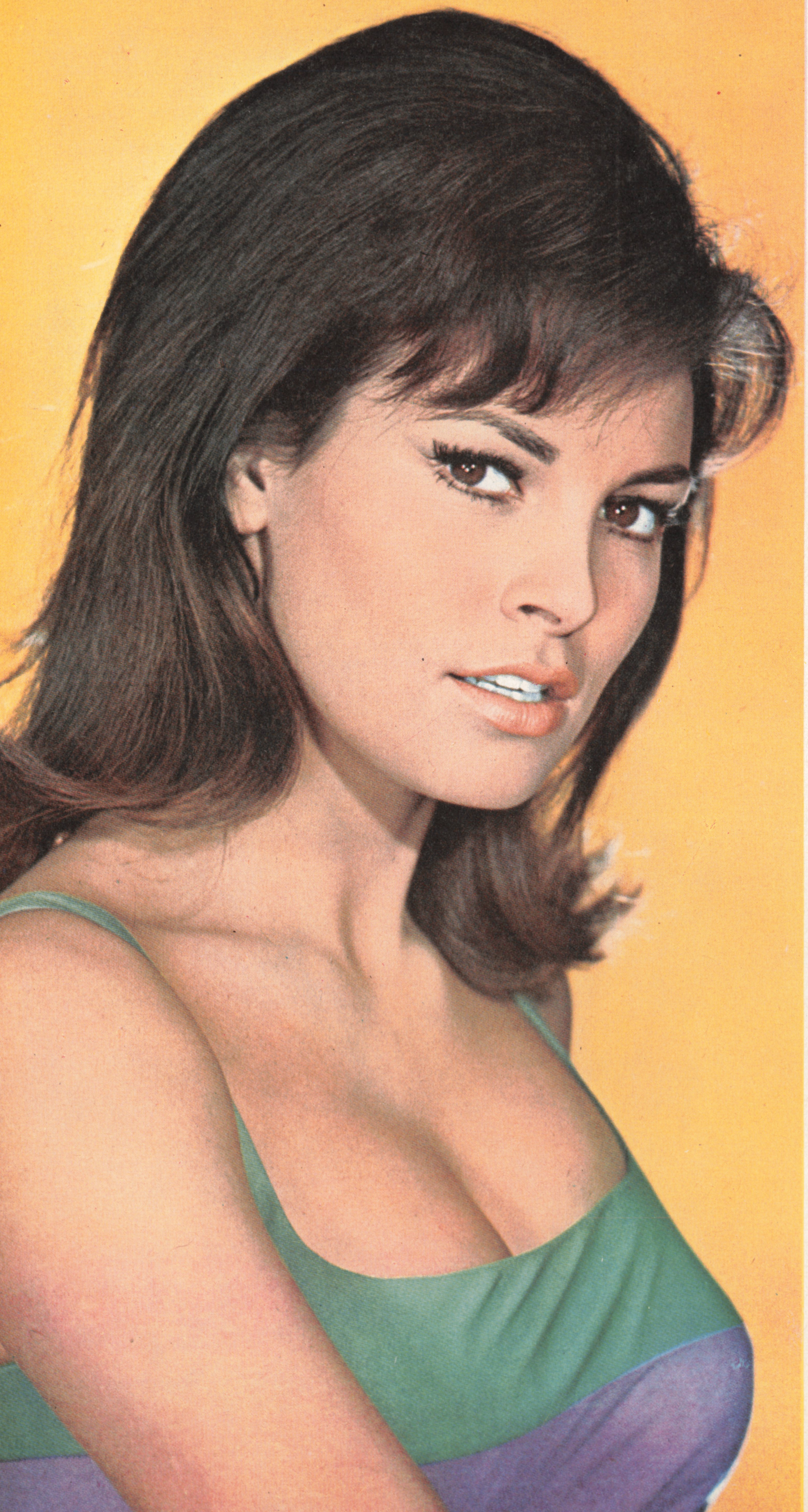
Time to relax for Anthony Quinn: after finishing *The Centurions* in Madrid, he managed to find some time for shopping and sightseeing.



As forthright as she is talented and beautiful, Raquel is bound for the top.



1966 GIRL

RAQUEL WELCH is the girl Hollywood has been waiting for: a sex-symbol who can really act. Yet the Americans have lost her already to Britain. This vibrant new screen stunner is now finishing her first British picture, *One Million Years BC*, and is due back for another, *Female Of The Species*, soon. With the kind of offers she can get from both British and Continental producers, she could easily stay here for a long time. Raquel's actually too hot for Hollywood to hold. She's destined to go places.

Raquel is a stunning girl. Single, 22, with velvety brown hair, chestnut eyes, and a superb shape. The word is: *Exciting*. She has talent, too. No overnight discovery is she. And not just "lucky" either. As the Welch wisdom goes: "Luck is when preparation meets opportunity." And Raquel had prepared all right.

She started at three, memorising her father's Al Jolson disc collection. At five she was reciting poetry during church services. She acted in plays at school; ran the drama club at college, and won medals for her acting. She joined the La Jolla Playhouse near her Californian home as stage-sweep, and ended up as the leading lady.

Next step was to earn some money for clothes, and get herself known. So Raquel went into beauty contests and won them all, from Miss Photogenic to Miss Contour! Next came TV (doing interviews, commercials and weather forecasts), fashion modelling and, finally, a stab at Hollywood. "I arrived broke and without knowing a soul. I did some modelling and then met Patrick . . ."

Patrick Curtis was opportunity to Raquel's preparation. A former publicity man just started in personal management, he looked at Raquel, liked what he saw—and found her an agent. Soon she was in films. Tiny roles (but good for experience) in *Roustabout*, *A House Is Not A Home*, and *A Swingin' Summer*, which Patrick co-produced. Bigger and better TV roles followed, and then she was voted Deb Star of the Year at the Hollywood Deb Stars' Ball.

Producer Saul David asked her to test with James Coburn for *Our Man Flint*. "But she was so good," he says, "I gave her the female lead instead in my immediate production, *Fantastic Voyage*, with Stephen Boyd." Plus a five-year contract.

"I'm still learning, of course," admits Raquel. "But I know what I want—the pinnacle of success in films. This work is so fascinating, it's almost like a hobby."

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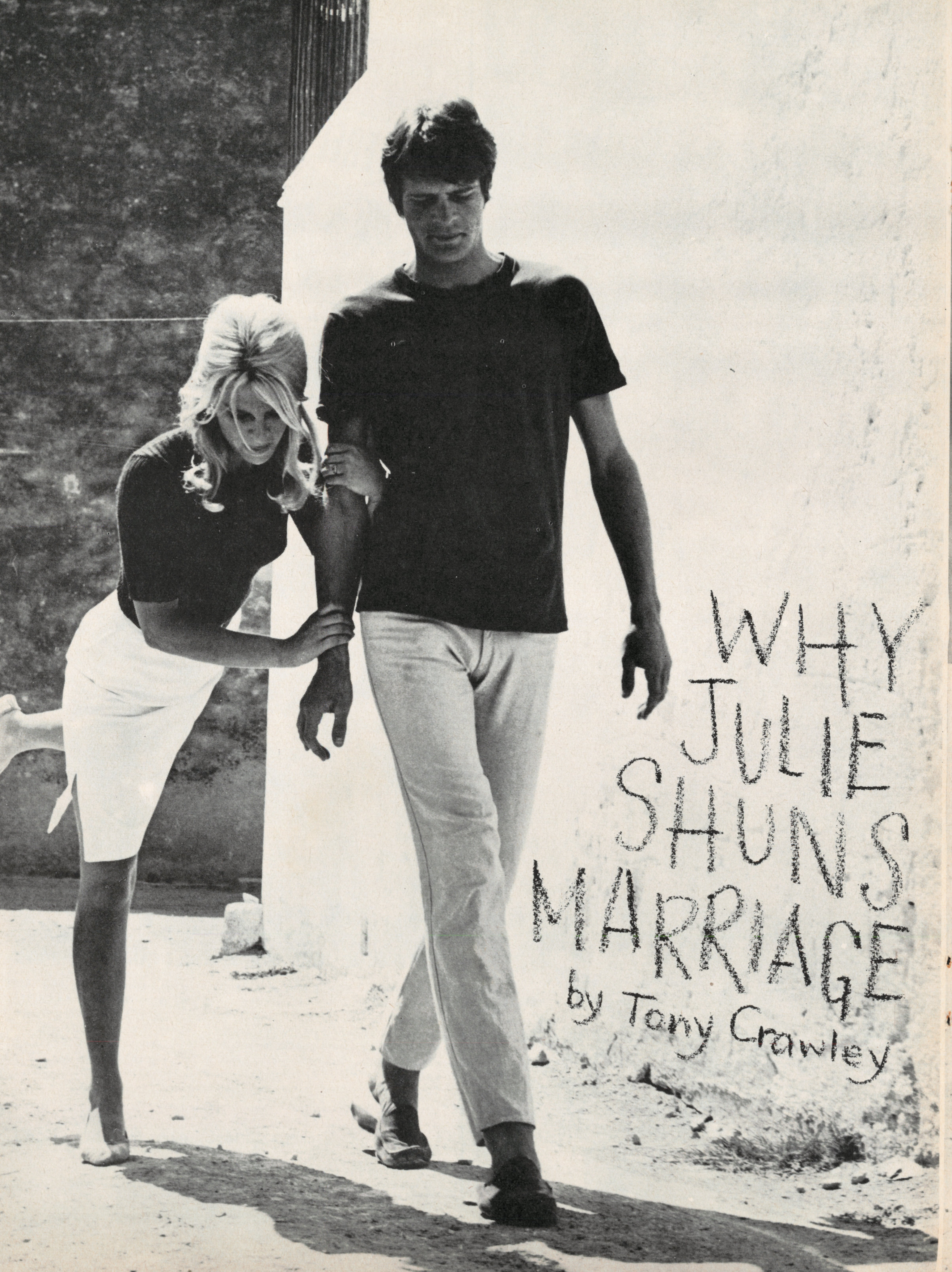


WHY JULIE SHUNS MARRIAGE

by Tony Crawley

●Madrid in the autumn. Weather splendid. Sights tremendous. But the sunniest sight of all was British. And beautiful. And boisterous. Very boisterous. Julie Christie!

It was for me a meeting too long delayed, having watched the Christie career from scratch as it were. Right from her initial fame-making TV serial, *A For Andromeda*.

She played a robot, you remember. Some robot! She was a hit in Britain overnight. Now she is an international star. And a likely Oscar-winner in a few months' time.

She's way, way up there—but, good to report, with her feet and values planted firmly, very firmly, on the ground.

My date with Julie was at 11.30 a.m. ("We start work around noon, and then never stop; David Lean doesn't have a watch, I'm sure".) I found her in the make-up department at CEA Studios. She had just been made up, and was still sitting before the lighted mirror, her hair in curlers, her hands busily drawing little figures on old envelopes.

Her hair, in curlers or otherwise, has a deliciously rumpled look. She twirls and fiddles with the long blonde strands as she talks, then tosses them away almost with disdain as if she'd rather be without shoulder-length hair at all. "I would, actually," she agrees.

Her eyes, blue tinged with grey, are wide and direct. Her face, as director John Scheslinger says, is open—and contemporarily superb. Today's face on a today kind of girl: "I live for today, not tomorrow."

Her voice, low-pitched and hoarse, often rises to a supercharged, if tremulous, contralto, as she erupts with some very personal point of view. Like, when loudly denying that she calls herself "Old Blondie Christie". "Never!" she bellows. "When I read that in a paper, I just exploded with laughter . . ."

Her clothes are simple, if wild at times. When we met she was wearing a tight, sleeveless sweater and a skirt which ended way above the knee.

Immensely likeable on sight, shy at first then friendly, very obviously highly emotional . . . this then is Julie Christie. The Face of the Mid-Sixties. THE Golden Girl. *Britain's No. 1 Actress.*

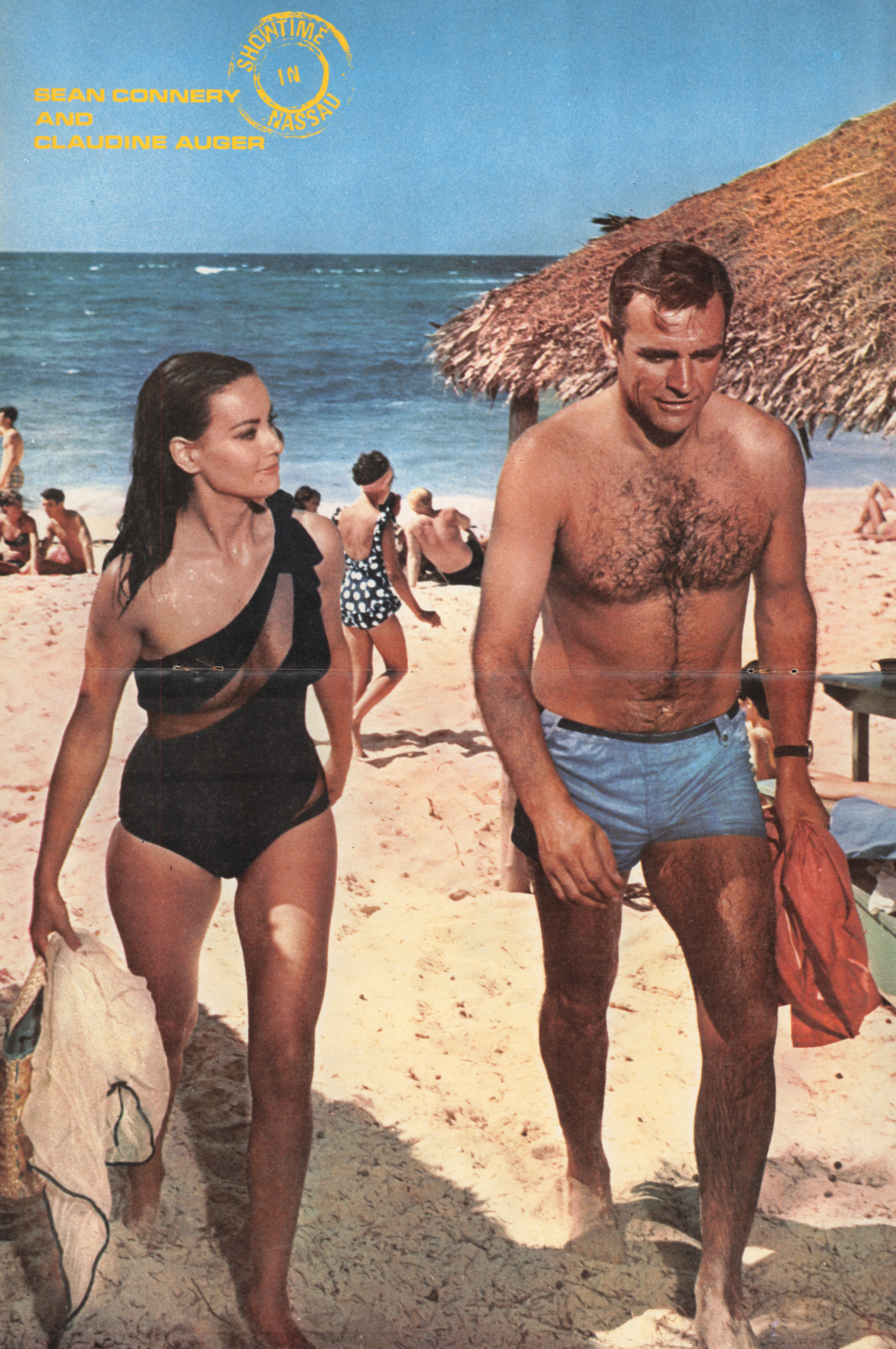
"Oh, come off it," she belts out with genuine disapproval, "there are so many others. Look at Sarah . . . Susannah . . . Samantha . . ."

Born 24 years ago in India, where her father was a tea-planter, Julie was looked after by a strict *ayah* (nannie). She was educated in Britain and France ("France made me a woman; changed my whole outlook on everything"), and studied drama in London.

Then came *A For Andromeda* and her first taste of fame ("much quicker than I'd intended; but it's not easy to say 'No' to your first job"). This led her straight into two film comedies, which she'd rather forget ("didn't like doing them at all; I was very unhappy"). Suddenly she was rediscovered and re-hit the headlines with her performance in *Billy Liar* . . . which led to a similar vital role in *Young Cassidy*, and . . . the lead in *Darling*, the first film ever conceived for a British actress ("never thought I could do it"). All of which led to the multi-million-dollar *Dr. Zhivago* in Spain and the part which everyone insists is "the greatest woman's role since that of Scarlet O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind.*

The girl, then, with everything. She's young, beautiful, talented and set for fame and riches. And on top of all this, she's engaged. **But, apparently, never to marry.**

Continued on page 39



SHOWTIME IN NASSAU

SEAN CONNERY
AND
CLAUDINE AUGER

FILM PREVIEW 1966

Showtime looks at the films coming your way in the New Year

1966! The year that James Bond gets married . . . the Beatles become cowboys in a Western to be made in Spain . . . Albert Finney and Brigitte Bardot return . . . Modesty Blaise comes to life on the screen . . . spies continue . . . science-fiction makes a come-back . . . Sandie Shaw makes her film debut . . . and smooth, sophisticated comedies give way to stylish thrillers and knockabout farce . . .

DRAMA IN THE DESERT

●High in the sky the big airliner develops a fault. The engines stall. Lights flash. Inside the aircraft seat-belts are hastily snapped together. Panic is skilfully hidden by some of the passengers, but it is revealed on the faces of others. The airliner tilts, but manages to lumber on. But not for long. Losing height, it swerves crazily and, finally, it crunches to a forced landing.

The drama of a crash-landing is the beginning of two New Year's top adventure films. The vast sands of Africa and Arizona are the locations chosen by the men who bring them to the screen.

Star-producer Stanley Baker went back to Africa (where he made *Zulu*) to film *Sands Of Kalahari*, a drama about five men and a girl stranded in the sun-baked wastes of the Kalahari desert. The girl, played by Susannah York, is a divorcee en route to a "new life".

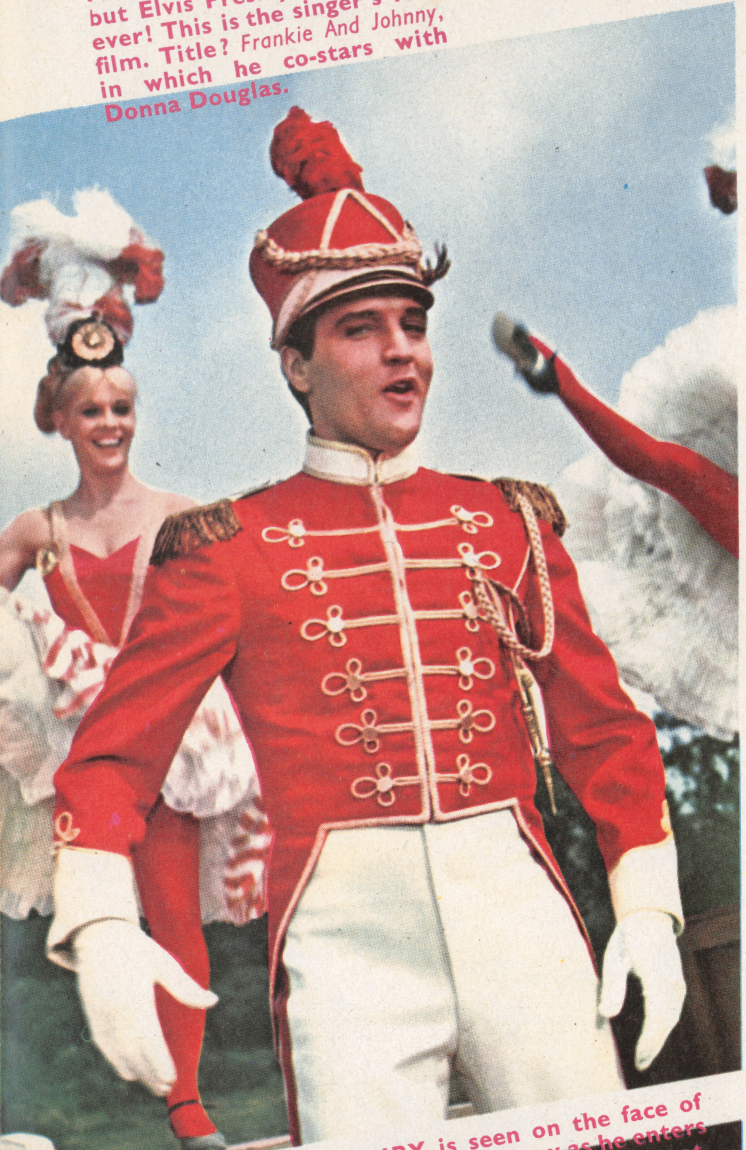
"Instead," says Susannah, "she finds her primitive instincts are not so far beneath the surface. She finds pain and passion in the desert."

Pilot Nigel Davenport (below) attacks her . . . a ruthless Stuart Whitman wins her . . . but, all the time, Baker is there waiting . . .

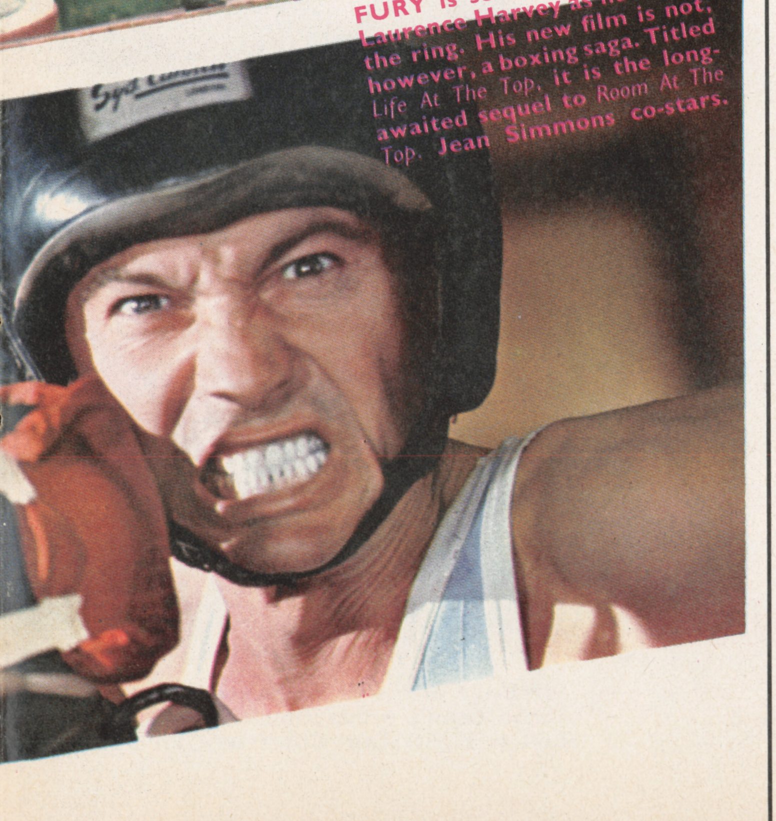
The only girl in the other crash drama, *Flight Of The Phœnix* (above and left), is the dynamic dancer, Barrie Chase. And she's not really there at all; she is just a figment of Ronald Fraser's imagination. Fraser is part of the big British contingent on this ill-fated flight. James Stewart (it's his 70th film) is the pilot; Richard Attenborough and Peter Finch, his crew.

SURPRISE teaming of the year: Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau in *Viva Maria!* France's most popular exports play travelling entertainers (both called Maria!) who inadvertently get caught up in a Mexican revolution . . .

MUSICAL stars come and go, but Elvis Presley goes on for ever! This is the singer's 18th film. Title? *Frankie And Johnny,* in which he co-stars with Donna Douglas.



FURY is seen on the face of Laurence Harvey as he enters the ring. His new film is not, however, a boxing saga. Titled *Life At The Top*, it is the long-awaited sequel to *Room At The Top*. Jean Simmons co-stars.



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Brunitex *for brunettes*
Brunitex is the special shampoo formula which deepens richness of tone, brings out the full colour of all shades of darker hair.

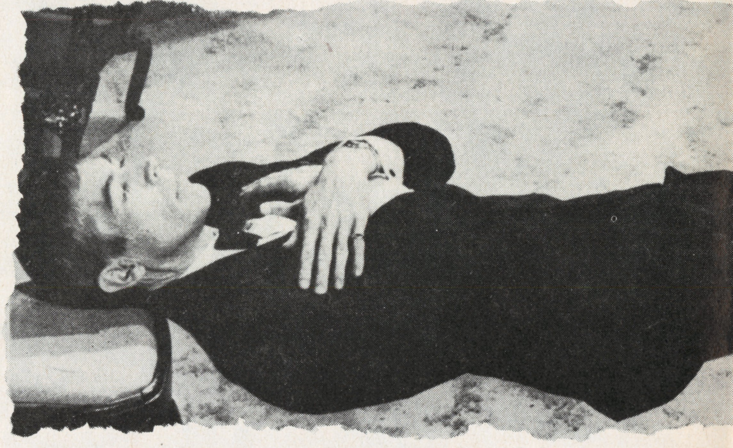
Stā•blond
Shampoo
made specially for BLONDES
Brunitex
Shampoo
made specially for BRUNETTES

At BOOTS, WOOLWORTHS and CHEMISTS everywhere

PREVIEW '66

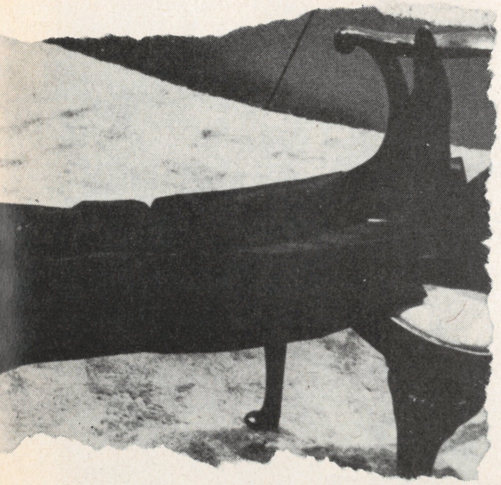
COME-BACK. When the sultry Italian star Rossana Podesta (remember her Helen Of Troy?) married in 1953, she slipped into retirement and became a housewife and mother of two children. Now she's back in films. Who persuaded her to return? Her husband, Marco Vicario. A former art director, Vicario turned director to make *The Naked Hours*—and gave Rossana the leading role. "She was magnificent," said Marco. And the critics agreed. Now the couple have completed their second production, a comedy-thriller, *Seven Men Of Gold*. They have big plans for 1966. "Why not?" says Marco. "Rossana is better than ever."

LAID LOW by Daliah Lavi. That's how Daliah deals with thugs in *The Silencers*. Dean Martin suffers in a similar way—and he's the hero; agent Matt Helm, Hollywood's answer to Bond. Dino plans a series of films about the cynical Mr. Helm. Next? *The Ambushers*.



LYING DOWN James Coburn style. "I have to rest where I can," says the busy hero of *Our Man Flint*. This is another spy film. One only was planned but it turned out so well that another flinty script is being written already.

LINE-UP of the year: the stellar cast of David Lean's production of *Dr. Zhivago*. Left to right: Tom Courtenay, Sir Alec



Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Sir Ralph Richardson, Julie Christie, Omar Sharif (in the title role) and Rod Steiger.

WHAT a way to make a comeback! This is Warren Beatty emptying rubbish bins in *Mickey One*. "It's a story of a man's flight from fear," says Beatty, who plays a comic hiding from his past. "A wry, pungent drama," the star adds.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD has "the knack" now. In Dick Lester's *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum*, he's surrounded by girls like The Baker Twins, Helen Funai and Myrna White. Mike wins his dream girl (Annette Andre) through the devious deeds of Zero Mostel and Phil Silvers.

LOOKING back on the 1914–18 war in the air—George Peppard as a German flying ace in *The Blue Max*. The title refers to the Pour-le-Merite the Kaiser's medal for outstanding bravery. It was so rarely awarded that only 89 Germans were given one. Peppard's co-stars include James Mason.

BRITAIN'S top spine-chiller, Christopher Lee, now starring in the only film series about a villain: the deadly Fu Man Chu. In the past Warner Oland and Boris Karloff have played Fu. But, as Chris says, "There's a vast new audience who have never met him."

LAPPA LOTTA LAUGHS A DAY

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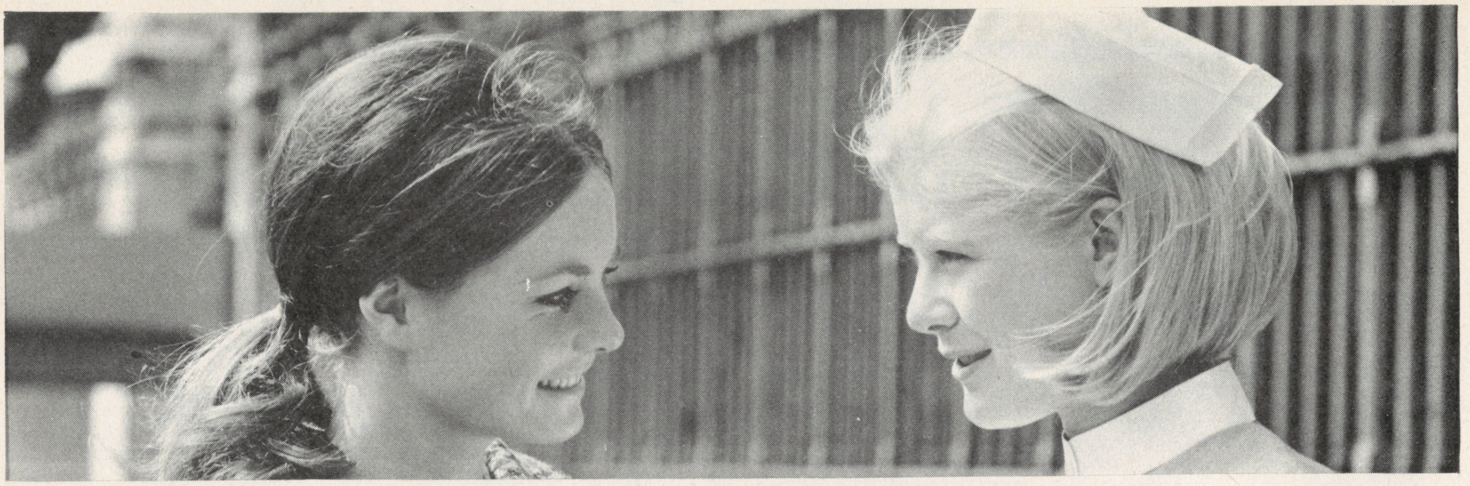

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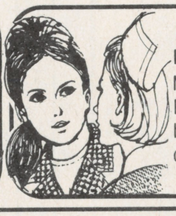
When did you take your G.C.E.?
I didn't have to — I passed the Hospital's entry test.
Could I do it?
Probably! You're almost 18. That's the starting age. You'd have to apply for training in a hospital that trains S.E.N.s — State Enrolled Nurses.



Lots of tests?
No, not for S.E.N. pupils. Practical tests, of course, but you don't sit for any difficult exams.

Don't you have to be born with a special gift for nursing?
That's cinema stuff! A nurse is someone with common sense who likes working with people.

I don't think I'd like the long hours on that low pay.
More nonsense! I bet my nursing pay is higher than your wages. It's interesting work too! And I get five weeks paid holiday. Nurses are lots better off than most people think.

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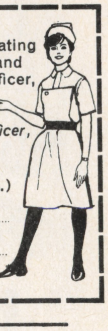

If you'd like to know more about the fascinating world of State Enrolled Nurses, just fill in and post the coupon. To: The Chief Nursing Officer, The Ministry of Health, P.O. Box 244, London, S.W.1.
(In Scotland, write to: The Chief Nursing Officer, St. Andrews House, Edinburgh 1)

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PREVIEW '66

LOOK AT LIFE. Zany Michael Bentine and newcomer Suzy Kendall take a look at London life in *The Sandwich Man*. On the way Mike meets such people as Harry H. Corbett, Bernard Cribbins, Diana Dors, Ian Hendry, Terry-Thomas and Norman Wisdom.

LAST of the Goons to move into the big time is Michael Bentine. He is the star and co-author of *The Sandwich Man*, a comedy which just grew and grew. "The idea was to show a new angle on London," explains Mike. "A sandwich man, like the character I play, can observe many things. It may be a humble job, but what a wonderful view of life he gets. And look at the people he meets as he paces the streets."

Almost all the people Mike meets in *The Sandwich Man* will be familiar to British audiences. Once the first stars were cast, others joined them. Now the list reads like *Who's Who?* First of all Mike was joined by Dora Bryan, Harry H. Corbett, Stanley Holloway, Ron Moody, Terry-Thomas and Sir Donald Wolfit. Then Ian Hendry agreed to play a policeman; Diana Dors a Billingsgate fishwife; and Norman Wisdom, fresh from *The Early Bird*, a boxing vicar at a London boys' club. Also in the cast: a pert new personality called Tracy Crisp. Tracy, a delightful blonde, is the daughter of an East London roundsman. Her mother is a bus "clippie".

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It offers much more than an ordinary job!

1. An interesting really worthwhile job: keeping the aircraft in the air.

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5. You see the world. Casbahs in the Middle East. Chinese temples in Malaysia, coral atolls in the Indian Ocean—how many civilian jobs could show you these?

6. Good money. If you are single, you spend nothing on food, rent or fares to work, so most of what you get is pocket money.

7. A steady job. You sign on in the first place for 5 or 9 years. Later on in your service you may apply to carry on for a pensionable engagement of 22 years—perhaps to the age of 55. You can join NOW at 17. The upper age limit is 39.

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Please send me without obligation, information on R.A.F. service. (Enquiries from U.K. residents only.)

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No confidence?

Are the simplest acts of everyday life so difficult for you that you spend hours or days in " nervous anticipation " of . . . *travelling, making a date, going out alone, talking to people and mixing socially, expressing an opinion, signing documents, tackling the boss . . . ?* Do you " wreck everything " by **Blushing, Stammering, Feeling Inferior?** These are signs of something wrong in your personality which should be put right, a " disturbance-centre " in sub-consciousness which sends out powerful, negative impulses denying you your natural joy in living.

You cannot control these impulses, but you can remove them, by eradicating from your sub-conscious mind the trouble which causes them. Efforts at unaided self-help too often end in failure, but our simple system—developed over 30 years—will show you how to succeed. Full details are in the FREE BOOK which we will send to you in plain, sealed cover without any obligation on your part. Just post us your name and address today. British Institute of Practical Psychology (BM.9), 67 Highbury New Park, London, N.5 (*All letters treated in strict confidence*)

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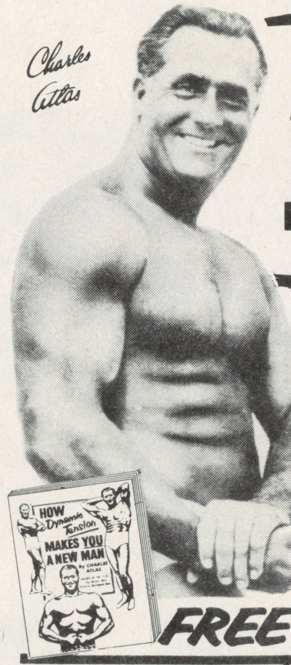
Charles Atlas



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By CHARLES ATLAS

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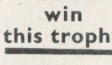
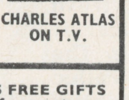


You can win this trophy



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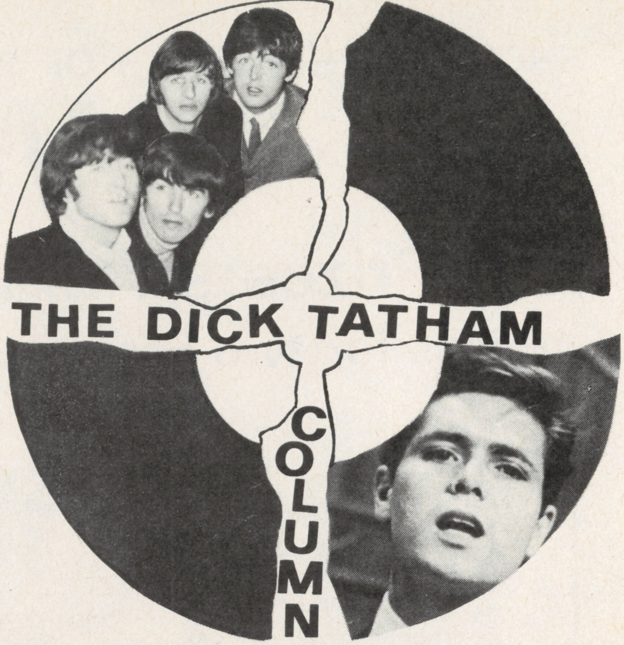
POP 1966



- as I see it

WHAT will happen on the pop scene in 1966? I have had a long, hard look into my crystal ball—and I see good things ahead! First, all the signs suggest that LPs are at last going to come into their own.

After all, how can they fail, when you have artistes of the calibre of Bruce Forsyth, Adam Faith, Judy Garland, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis available on LPs at only 12s. 6d. a time?

When, too, for the same price, you can buy original stage albums of shows such as *The Sound Of Music* and *South Pacific*.

This type of LP, launched by the EMI disc firm late in 1965 (in conjunction with the International Publishing Corporation), made an immediate and powerful impact on the record-buying public.

And it is a pretty safe assumption that low-priced (but high quality) albums will be a main feature of the 1966 scene.

Nor do I think this will be at the expense of the full-priced LPs. The coming year is likely to see an increasing support for the quality ballad singer—the type that is pre-eminently suited for albums.

I think, for example, that Andy Williams will, despite all his success, go on to even bigger things in 1966.

The same goes for Matt Monro and Tony Bennett.

Other names? America's Jack Jones has been threatening to break big here for quite a time now. I think he'll make it in 1966. Britain's Ronnie Carroll should have his best year yet, and I expect Barbra Streisand to start achieving in Britain the sort of record success she has had in the States.

I think folk will fizzle in 1966, but I don't expect the lovely Joan Baez to fade from the scene. "I don't set out specially to be labelled as a folk performer," she told me when she was last in London. "If a song has meaning for me—and if it is musically good—then I sing it. I'm not worried whether it is strictly folk or strictly anything else."

Miss Baez, of course, appeals to both young and old fans, and it is fantastic to think when she came here with Bob Dylan last summer, she was very much the lesser light. The positions will surely be reversed during the coming year.

In the world of beat music, the boys to watch are undoubtedly the Walker Brothers. They are creating among the fans the phrenetic type of scenes which were such a feature of the Beatles and Stones in their zoom to fame. Scott, John and Gary could well achieve the fabulous, golden success that could have been P. J. Proby's had he played his cards differently.

James Brown, a highly talented performer, had started to make an impact on British disc fans late in 1965. I don't expect him to stay a big chart force throughout 1966—but he should be well to the fore during the first half of the year.

Lulu, that dynamic, 17-year-old Scots girl, is also sure to make headlines in 1966—but not necessarily with the blues-influenced singing which helped her to become known.

"I want to mature," Lulu told me not long ago. "I hope to carry on getting discs into the charts—but I would also like to get a break in films and musical comedy."

Well, she has the youth, the looks, the emotional warmth and the sizzling personality to go places—and she should do just that during the year ahead.

I think 1966 should be a big year, too, for Dave Berry—though much of his success may be on the Continent. Back in the summer I saw Dave perform at the annual singing contest in Knokke-le-Zoute, Belgium.

He won the Press Award as the event's outstanding performer. Since then, he has been increasingly in demand all over the Continent.

Another reason why I predict a thriving 1966 for the pop world is that I am sure the touring package shows are going to give the customers more and more value for money. Brian Epstein struck the right note late in 1965 when he made the Everly Brothers-Cilla Black package, something well above the old pattern of wheel 'em on, wheel 'em off. I think the policy will stick.

Another reason (and perhaps the most powerful) for optimism is that I foresee the pop world making its strongest-ever link with films this year. Certainly the Beatles will make another film. I also expect Cliff Richard to emerge once more as a box-office force. And I am convinced that Herman is all set to establish himself in the screen world.

Finally, I can hardly wait to see the 1966 results of an intriguing move made late in 1965: Capitol Records' decision to go into film making.

It has formed Tower Pictures Inc.—"to make full-length motion pictures for appropriate artists." President Alan Livingston has said that the Beach Boys might be starred in the first Tower production—because of their strong teen fan appeal. "But we shall also consider using personalities outside the teen sphere," he says.

This is, I feel sure, a venture that will be watched with interest by both film and disc executives during 1966.

SHOWTIME'S HEROES OF TELEMARK CONTEST

WIN A MINI–

The Prizes: Six fabulous cruises for two people on the

Fred. Olsen
NORWAY LINE

Winners will take their mini-cruise aboard the *Blenheim*, a graceful modern 5,000-ton ship carrying 290 passengers. Elegantly decorated lounges, a wide promenade and games decks are provided. Cruises are also available on the *Blenheim's* sister ship, the *Bræmar*.

IT was in Norway that Anthony Mann filmed *The Heroes Of Telemark* (see page 6). The actual incidents took place in this beautiful country and Mann knew there was no substitute for the real thing anywhere in the world.

In this exciting new competition Showtime gives all its readers a chance to visit Norway. However, there is more to the prizes than the thrill of visiting this foreign country, famous for its ski-ing, snow-capped mountains and magnificent fjords. The six winners, and the companion of their choice, will be able to enjoy invigorating air, fine food and good company in the elegant surroundings of a modern ship. The six mini cruises (each for two people) have been arranged in co-operation with the Fred. Olsen Norway Line. Winners will be able to take their cruises during March/April of this year. And, apart from the carefree, sail-away feeling that sea travel brings, they will spend $2\frac{1}{2}$ days in Oslo, Norway's elegant capital. Each cruise lasts seven days.

HOW TO ENTER

On the right you will see five scenes from *The Heroes Of Telemark*. What you have to do is use your skill and judgment to decide which picture best captures the excitement, drama and heroic achievement of the story. Then place the four other pictures in order of preference, using the space provided on the coupon. If, for instance, you think picture B captures the excitement, drama and heroic achievement best, put 1 in the space provided. If picture D is your next choice put 2, and so on. An expert panel, including one of the stars of *The Heroes Of Telemark*, will judge all entries. The prizes will go to the first six all correct entries to be opened after the closing date which is Monday, 24th January. The editor's decision is final.

COUPON

Picture A	
Picture B	
Picture C	
Picture D	
Picture E	

Send entries to:
The Heroes Of Telemark Contest,
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Name ....

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BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

CRUISE TO NORWAY

Nine men on a dangerous mission. Their aim is to dynamite Hitler's heavy water supplies at the Hydro factory.

Rolf Pedersen and Knut Straud begin the long and hazardous journey across the snow towards the heavy water factory.

Having managed to get inside the gates of the factory, the saboteurs pause before taking the last vital steps. They know their failure could mean disaster.

▲ The Norwegians listen for the gliders that will bring help from Britain. But the weather is bad and, as they wait, their hopes of the gliders making a safe landing fade.

◀ It's now or never: Rolf Pedersen desperately struggles to get the children aboard the lifeboats before the ferry sinks. Seconds earlier dynamite has shattered the side of the ship.

PINEWOOD

THE DOC IS BACK

continued

Arthur Haynes, as Tarquin Wendover, an obstreperous Cockney patient, is going to be a riot in what is only his second film—following his big personal success in Hollywood's *Strange Bedfellows*. "This is an even bigger and better role," Arthur confides. "Just what I was after. Meaty and everything. I don't ever want to carry a film on m'own. Just have a nice little part like this one."

Leslie Phillips was looking like, as he called it, a Blond Beatle—his hair swept down and minus his moustache. "I start the film with the 'tache," he explains. "Then I fancy this French bird. She likes me but thinks I'm too old. My God, too old! So I set about rejuvenating myself."

Leslie's own image will be changing next year, according to his still top-secret plans for '66. In particular, he's cutting down on comedies. "This is only my second *Doctor*—the other, *Doctor In Love*, was the biggest money-maker of them all."

But I am forgetting the girls. "A selection of the prettiest feminine shapes" has been guaranteed. And Betty certainly keeps her promise. The girls include Shirley Anne Field as a nurse very keen on Gaston; Fenella Fielding as an over-sexed and fluttery (what else?) ballet dancer; Susan Farmer as Miles' fiancée; nurses like Alexandra Bastedo and Jeannette Wild and many, many more, plus Betty's latest French discovery, a ravishing 21-year-old redhead called Elizabeth Ercy.

Remembering Betty's brilliant record where Continental girls are concerned (she first brought to Pinewood such world-stars-to-be as Bardot, Cardinale, Demongeot and Yoko Tani), Elizabeth's future looks very good. Already she's made about five French films and has been seen here in *Phaedra* and *The Victors*.

Another BB? "Oh no," she smiles. "I love her, of course. She's fantastic. But I do not feel at all like a pin-up. And I am not that good an actress. Not yet . . ."

Suddenly everyone is laughing again. Nothing to do with laughing-gas, however. Leslie Phillips has produced a mirror on the end of an L-shaped stick and is trying to get the girls to hold it on the floor under James Robertson Justice's kilt.

No doubt about it. As the cast keeps insisting, these *Doctor* films are fun all right. Both on and off screen.

THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN—continued

JACK HAWKINS and **E. G. MARSHALL.** Very relaxing!"

RECORD-BREAKER: Award for the shortest-ever location visit to Spain must go to **MARCELLO MASTROIANNI.** He flew in with newly-blonde **PAMELA TIFFIN** to shoot scenes for their Italian film, *Traded Woman*. They had finished and returned to Rome within 12 hours!

Mastroianni in a scene from *The Organiser*

Missing from the night-life around town—**ROBERT TAYLOR.** All his co-stars on the *Savage Pampas* Western, **RON RANDALL, TY HARDIN, MARC LAWRENCE,** would be out and about. Not Bob. Reason? "I stay home to type letters to my wife every night . . ." Once his lovely Ursula arrived, he entered into the swing of things.

Spanish star **JULIAN MATEOS** is given a big chance by director **JULES DASSIN** in *10.30 Of A Summer Night*. This is Julian's first English-speaking part. A good start. His co-stars? **MELINA MERCOURI, ROMY SCHNEIDER** and **PETER FINCH.**

Between takes on *Forum*, **MICHAEL CRAWFORD** is developing a knack for photography. And not one to hold a grievance, he allowed **THE BAKER TWINS** to model for him. "Well, it's better to photograph them, than be photographed with them," he declared. When the three left London for Spain, they had posed for all the usual airport-farewell newspaper shots. "But only pictures of the twins were used," Mike exploded. "I never appeared . . . and to top that, in my own home town, they used a shot of the twins, and mentioned that the film 'also stars Michael *Craine*.' Can you beat that?"

Like the rest of the cast, **ROD STEIGER** also had a long *Dr. Zhivago* stint—and even managed to come up smiling, although Spain offers him very little as a visitor. "I don't like bull-fights. I don't like flamenco. And I hate eating fish."

Me? I like them all.

Julie Christie

Continued

About her fiancé—Don Bessant, a handsome 24-year-old art teacher—she will not talk. "I'd really rather not." She makes the request politely, if a trifle nervously. "I like to try to keep my private life private. That's very important."

About the prospect of marriage, she reveals little more. Why does she shun the idea of it? Is she frightened? "It's not that I'm scared of marriage . . ." she begins, falteringly. She stops, ceases her scribbling and continues.

"Oh no, I'm not exactly *scared* of marriage. It's just that, well, as far as I can see—looking around—it never works.

"Anyway, what does marriage mean to people in love? A scrap of paper, that's all. Oh, it's such an anomalous situation . . . So why go to all the trouble of getting married if it doesn't work?

"Years ago no one used to care about it. Then these selfish attitudes were born. Discipline and moral laws. All without foundation, as far as I can see. No, I can't see myself married."

She is obviously worried, too, about marrying while still in the film business. Julie thinks, unlike many other actresses, that if the wife is in the business, the husband should be too. "Doesn't work otherwise," she explains. "There are so many temptations, whatever sort of person you are."

Julie *does* believe in love, however. She wears Don's ring, she says, to prove she loves him. Yet, at the same time, she does not think she could give herself utterly to one man.

"I like to love," she goes on. "I enjoy all the emotions. I never fall in love easily, though. I was always one for getting crushes on people. Never for falling easily in love. I think I'm too objective for that."

"*And what else are you?*" "Oh, I hate that question!" It's that supercharged roar again. She laughs gaily. "I'm independent, I know that. But more than anything else, I'm shy. Terribly shy. I don't even like answering the telephone.

"I admit I'm changing. I've become more confident—but that is professionally. I'm still very shy socially. I go out to dinner with some people (a few months ago I couldn't even have done that!) and, once they all begin talking, I'm lost . . . can't say a word. I just want to go home."

Julie's shyness is also part of her talent, for it certainly helps to make her perfect for the part of Lara in *Dr. Zhivago*. Scriptwriter Robert Bolt said there had to be a sort of modesty about Lara; "shyness almost."

Bolt went on: "Lara is devastatingly attractive and, at a glance, a physical magnet. A going concern sexually, yet not at all loose."

David Lean, probably the world's foremost director, chose Julie as his Lara after seeing her famous walk through the streets in *Billy Liar*. "She has a rare combination of inner beauty and sex," he observes, "plus a highly disciplined talent."

And Julie? How does she see Lara, the part which definitely places her among the world's top five actresses? "Marvellous!" She is off, roaring once more. "She's the complete opposite of *Darling* Diana, which is fortunate. Diana was a completely useless piece of humanity; I can't understand any girl behaving like she did. But Lara—she'll be understood by every woman who sees the picture.

"Lara is a woman who becomes involved in all sorts of bad experiences during the period of the Russian revolution. She's an invaluable woman. Perfect, strong, sexy and intelligent. A marvellous woman—absolutely miles out of my class, I can tell you. It's been hard, very hard work, but such a lovely part to play. After nine months playing her I really didn't want it to stop . . ."

Nine months is an immense time to spend in one screen role—and on one location. Typically, Julie, who soon became bored with bull-fighting and flamencos, spent her spare time in a more British manner. She would stroll down the road from her tiny apartment and join the crowds watching Real Madrid at their huge soccer stadium.

"I loathed it out here in Spain at first," she explains, "because I didn't have any of my friends here. But they've all been out during the summer and it's been like being back at home."

Again, unlike most actresses, Julie's best friends are outside of the business. They include sculptors, artists and dress-designers.

"Still," she continues, "you learn from every experience in life. And working with David Lean has been fantastic. Oh boy, he's so great. I just worship him. He's wonderful and I believe in him implicitly. Whatever he's trying to do, each and every shot is right. He has such intense concentration that I find I'm able to do anything . . ."

It was during her long Spanish stint, of course, that Julie suddenly became a household name in America as well as Britain—via *Darling*. Immediately many American journalists, who had ignored her on previous trips, started winging back to Madrid and demanding interviews.

Once the astonishing American reviews came pouring in, David Lean sent for a copy of the film for Julie to see. He arranged another screening for the *Zhivago* crew and co-stars. "I had to see it before the premiere," says Julie. "You cannot study a performance at a premiere. I was so nervous; I saw it with Don and a few friends."

She pauses, and begins hair-twirling again. "I never thought I could ever play *Darling*. I was embarrassed by the whole thing, having it written for me and that. I just didn't have a lot of confidence then. Today, with a new part, I usually think that at least I can tackle it and make a good job of it. I didn't feel that way then."

In particular, Julie was definitely embarrassed and upset at the prospect of her nude scene in the film. She fought like mad against it—and lost. All very ironical because other actresses discussing the problem of nude scenes are now saying: "Hell, if it's important like Julie's scene in *Darling*, yes, of course I'll strip."

Julie never saw it that way. "I hated it," she bellows. "I cringed. I would have walked out of the film if I could have done.

"I read the scene in the script the first time around, of course, and thought '*Well, I won't do that, obviously. Impossible!*' The nearer it came, I kept thinking, '*I'll bring it up, I'll bring it up*' So I brought it up. Eventually I found the guts to speak to John Scheslinger (the director) about it:

" '*You know this scene, John . . . you don't mean me to er . . . er . . .*' "

" 'Oh yes, I do'."

" '*Oh no, I just couldn't. Let it go please.*'

"And it went on like that until finally we shot the damned thing. I was so miserable. So unhappy. Oh, it was absolutely ghastly. Anyway, it came about and it was beautifully shot as he said it would be. I don't suppose anyone even saw anything. But, well, it's not my habit to take off my clothes in front of thousands of people."

Julie hangs her head a little as she spits out her disgust of the scene.

"*But you're not the only actress who's been asked to do it,*" I comment.

She looks up and winces. "I know. I know. Everyone else seems to be doing it. It happens in every other film. O.K., that's all right as long as it doesn't happen in mine. Because half the time it's not necessary and it's crudely done. It's never ever crucial—of course it isn't. Even in *Darling* it was never crucial, in my opinion. It was a ghastly bore."

At the time, Scheslinger admitted he got very angry with Julie. "She behaved like a dreadfully spoiled child, putting on a petulant act; she finally explained she didn't think she had a beautiful enough body. I said, 'It doesn't matter'. She said, 'But it does—I'll be unattractive to people'."

"*I take it then,*" I suggest to Julie, "*that you'll never be talked into stripping in a film again?*"

"Never!" The loudest roar of the day. "The only solution is to be big enough and strong enough—then you can say 'No', quite flatly. There is never any reason why you should do a nude scene if you don't want to. If you want to, to make the film more commercial and everything, go ahead. But not me. I hope not, anyway. I don't want to spend my life being miserable like that again."

However, the nudity episode will not stop Julie from working with Scheslinger again. He it was who really made her—in *Billy Liar*. Her role in that film which added up to but a few minutes—precious minutes—of celluloid opened every door for her.

"That film was a kind of miracle," she agrees. "Me in the New Wave, instead of being funny in some awful old car bit. I just couldn't believe it would happen. Then I thought I'd be ghastly. But I also realised—much to my intellectual satisfaction—that I was getting out of what I regarded as mire, and would be working with people I respect.

"I certainly never realised it would get me where it has done.

"And I love working with John. There's oh, such a tremendous rapport with him. I understand him and he me. And most important, I respect him."

So much so that two out of Julie's next three projects are with Scheslinger. A "smallish" part in his next film, *A Severed Head;* then the lead in *Far From The Madding Crowd.* In between she will be working for that fine French director, François Truffaut in *Fahrenheit 451*—"back to science fiction!"

As to the future, Julie intends to continue working hard to keep her success. "I've always wanted to act. I can't remember ever wanting to do anything else. I was always dressing up as a child and being in school plays. I was an awful show-off, probably. Yet I never wanted to be a star. Success, of course, is lovely and, as long as it doesn't interfere with my emotional and private life, I'm enjoying it."

And off she went. Back to work. The girl who used to carry her own inflatable mattress from flat to flat while living with various friends in London. The girl who could write her own ticket to Hollywood, but isn't interested ("I'd love to make a Western—haven't quite the right legs for jeans, though!"). The girl who is already a star, and is determined to be an even better one.

She stopped at the door, and smiled a goodbye.

"*What about a musical?*" I asked.

"You must be joking! My legs are too short. And I have a voice like a fog-horn." She turned and left, her great roaring laugh echoing down the corridor.

SHOWTIME IN NAPLES: CORSICA

MEET

Monica Vitti and Terence Stamp in Corsica. "I wanted to do something different," says Monica. The part of Modesty Blaise was the answer.

SHE is the girl who stars in so many of those art films. But when I tracked her down in Corsica and Naples it was a completely different type of production that was keeping her busy.

She is Monica Vitti, star of films like *L'Avventura*, *La Notte* and *L'Eclipse*, and many other adult Italian movies. These productions have made her the darling of the art house audiences, but they have not made her an international star. Now, however, one film is likely to do just that. Monica is playing Modesty Blaise, the famous strip cartoon heroine, in a big budget production which also stars Dirk Bogarde and Terence Stamp.

In the film Monica has to use Judo and Karate like an expert; she has to wield a gun with the ease a woman wields a lipstick. And Modesty's lipstick is not as simple as it looks; it can be converted into a lethal weapon. So can her comb and her cigarette lighter.

All this makes the part of Modesty Blaise very different from the tortured, introverted heroines Monica plays in the films made by her good friend Michelangelo Antonioni.

And the hero and villain in this exciting adventure are also far removed from those in the Antonioni stories. They may not be as complex, but they are certainly as colourful, as Stamp (he's the hero) and Bogarde (the villain) will prove.

But how, you may wonder, has a serious and dedicated actress like Monica adapted herself to a fun part like Modesty Blaise? How, indeed, did she get the role in the first place? To many people she was an outsider, for there were several well-known favourites in the race for Modesty.

When she was away from the cameras, Monica told me all about it . . .

"I did Shakespeare, Brecht and Molière," she began. "For me it is important to play different characters. I wanted to do something sparkling. A part that would be fun. I have been too serious. I have done only serious films.

"It was strange how I got this Modesty Blaise part. An Italian producer was trying to interest me in one of his films and I did not like it. I told him I wanted to do something funny and he said he knew producer Joseph Janni was making Modesty Blaise. He told me about the role. I said it sounded just what I wanted.

"The next thing I knew, Mr. Janni was on the phone and he was saying, *'Is it true? You were the girl in* L'Avventura *and now you want to play Modesty Blaise? Amazing! All right, why not?'* Then he sent me a script.

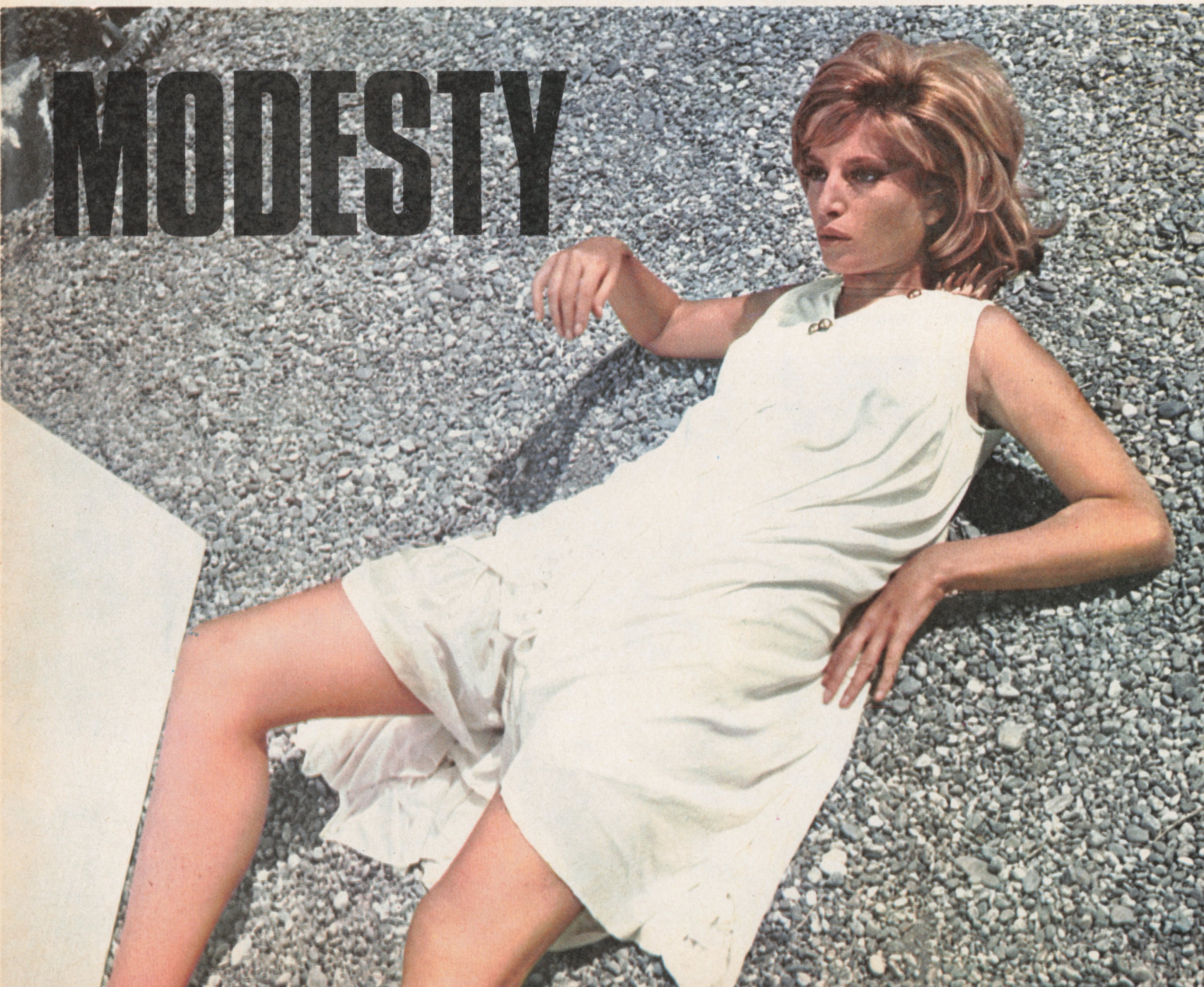
"We had many discussions. Then Antonioni and I asked Mr. Janni why he didn't try to get a celebrated director like Joseph Losey to make it. We thought perhaps he, too, would

Continued overleaf

Dirk Bogarde plays the villian in this exciting adventure. It was an unusual role for Dirk, too.

" Modesty is fun," says Monica." She is not a female James Bond, or a Pussy Galore."

MODESTY



MODESTY BLAISE

Continued

like to do something different after *The Servant* and *King And Country,* which were very serious. The next thing we knew, Losey had agreed."

Monica Vitti's real name is Monica Luisa Ceciarelli. Her parents live in Mexico City. Her father is a retired civil servant.

"I *need* to be an actress," she told me. "I was 14 when I first started, but I never thought of the cinema. Only the stage.

"I had some friends who ran a stage show in Rome and they wanted me to take part in it, but my parents said no. I argued and, finally, they let me do it.

"I went to drama school in Rome, and then did five years in the theatre. Still I never thought of the cinema. In Italy it is not done for a stage actress to work in the cinema. But often stage actresses have to dub the voices for actresses on the screen.

"This was how I met Antonioni. In 1958 I had to dub a voice for *El Grido*. Antonioni, who was directing the film, saw me at the studios and asked me if I had made any films. I said, '*No, I am on the stage.*' He said, '*Why do you act on the stage and not in the cinema?*' I told him it was because I was not exactly as a girl should be for the cinema. I said, '*I am not big enough in the bust and my nose is wrong—it's got a lump in it.*' I told him I wasn't beautiful.

"Antonioni said, '*Perhaps in my films you are exactly right because I don't want beautiful women. I want a face like your face; a more normal face*. Then he looked sad and said, '*But perhaps it is difficult to work with Antonioni at this time for he has no money.*'

"It was true; *El Grido* made no money, although it was beautiful. In those days it was very difficult for him to do a picture. But he wanted to film an idea of his own. A story he thought important. After trying for two years, he found a producer with money . . . a madman who was willing to help. And this story was *L'Avventura*."

Miss Vitti laughed as the memories came back to her.

"We went to a little island off Sicily to make the film but, after two weeks, no one was getting paid because there was no money left. Antonioni said, '*If no one believes in me I don't care. I shall go on to the end even if we don't eat.*' No one believed the film would be finished. We had little to eat and, in the end, everyone left except Antonioni, one assistant and me. Three people and one camera.

"Antonioni managed to get a new unit together and we continued. But we had no money and, even after it was finished, I received hardly any money at all.

"When the film came to the Cannes Film Festival it was praised by everyone. The same happened in Paris. *L'Avventura* has now won 27 international prizes, but still Antonioni has little money to show for it because he had to sell so much of his interest to get it released."

She was silent for a moment or two. Then: "Antonioni has done so much for me. Every actress needs a good director behind her. I owe my career to him. I always do as he tells me.

"In every film he makes there is a part for me. He trusts me. He believes that I'm not just a normal actress playing a part. He says I have something more.

"He believes I have a special quality that suits his ideas; that I can show on the screen what he is feeling, what he wants to say."

Did she see anything sinister in the Modesty Blaise image; the woman who dominates the man?

"No," she said. "Modesty is funny. She is not a female James Bond, or a Pussy Galore. She is very feminine. Men love her. And for me she is so different. It has almost been like a holiday."

disc REVIEWS

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when Brenda Lee was never out of the charts. She was the most popular girl singer in Britain, America and the Continent. Her cool, unusual voice had a distinctive charm and records like *Sweet Nothings*, *I'm Sorry*, *All Alone Am I*, *Losing You*, *I Wonder* and *As Usual* were firm favourites with everyone.

Today, however, Brenda's recordings do not meet with the same success. Her discs still sell well, but they are not instant hits. The fickle record-buying public has discovered new favourites.

Of course, Brenda is not the only pop singer in recent years to discover that the climb to the top of the charts is more difficult than it was earlier in her career. Brenda is, however, fortunate enough to have a talent that is strong enough to survive without help from Top Ten publicity. Like Doris Day, Peggy Lee, Julie London and a few other singing stars whose names seldom get into the charts these days, she has the professionalism, experience and individuality to remain a top favourite with many people for a long time to come. She is not a five-minute wonder.

This point is proved on Brenda's new LP, **The Versatile Brenda Lee** (Brunswick), which has the polish and style one expects from only a great album artist. And, believe me, Brenda *is* great on this LP.

Side 1 includes a wonderful version of that haunting Henry Mancini song, *Dear Heart*, a sensitive rendering of the Andy Williams hit, *Almost There*, and the best version I have ever heard of the McHugh-Fields number *Don't Blame Me*.

Side 2 gets off to a great start with *Willow Weep For Me*. This is followed by *Truly, Truly True; Love Letters; The Birds And The Bees; La Vie En Rose* and *Maybe*. Each number is sung with great warmth and understanding.

What helps to make the LP such a good one is the fact that all the numbers have been selected with care; they suit the singer's style perfectly.

This is one of the finest albums to come my way for a long time. Brenda Lee may not appear in the Top Ten often these days, but she will be around long after many of the "five-minute" singing stars have taken a plunge.

Fun with Mantovani

MANTOVANI and his orchestra have a lot of fun on **Mantovani Olé** (Decca). The selections, if lacking originality, certainly don't lack variety: *Jealousy; Valencia; Spanish Gipsy Dance; Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps; El Relicario; Adios* and *Mexican Hat Dance* are included and Mantovani's lush sounding strings make the most of them all.

However, the most exciting track on this album is the last: Mantovani's arrangement of music from Bizet's *Carmen*. It rounds off the record beautifully.

Spotlight on Bacharach

IT is a pity that all the selections on **The Sound Of Burt Bacharach** (Pye International) are not vintage Bacharach. If they were this would have been quite an album for, as we all know, Burt is a very talented composer of pop music. As it is, this LP has some magic moments—but it has dull moments as well.

Walk On By, sung by Dionne Warwick is a tremendous track; so is Dionne's version of *Anyone Who Had A Heart*. In fact it is this singer who really holds the album together; *Please Make Him Love Me* and *I Smiled Yesterday* are both sung by her and, along with the other two numbers, they form the backbone of the album.

Not so memorable are *I Wake Up Crying* and *Any Day Now*, sung by Chuck Jackson, and *I Cry Alone*, sung by Maxine Brown.

This may be the sound of Burt Bacharach, but not all the tracks are Bacharach at his best.

Brunswick
The Versatile BRENDA LEE

JACK JONES
MY KIND OF TOWN
LONDON
KAPP
JACK JONES

The Sound Of Bacharach

DECCA
MANTOVANI OLÉ
MANTOVANI AND HIS ORCHESTRA

A handsome selection

THERE'S no stopping the Jones boy!

The latest Jack Jones album, **My Kind Of Town** (London), has all the ingredients that go to make a winner. The voice is good, the songs suit the singer's style and the arrangements are intelligently handled. In a handsome selection my favourites are *Somewhere Along The Way; I Can't Believe I'm Losing You; The One I Love; Time After Time;* and *King Of The Road.*

I hope it will not be long before Jack Jones visits these shores. I think he would be a big success with British audiences.

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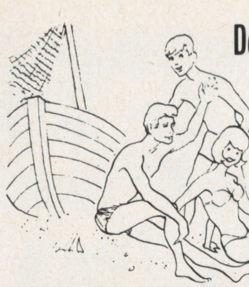

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Katrina and the Stars

ARIES *22nd March to 20th April*
By using a clever approach and a moderately aggressive manner, you can come out far ahead in business matters. Do not wait for others to give you the go-ahead signal, but push forward quickly towards your goal. Social affairs do not look too favourable. Curb impatience and a tendency to argue with friends over trifles.

TAURUS *21st April to 21st May*
An impulse to do something in a hurry may prove costly. Slow down to an efficient pace, and do not make rash decisions concerning your present employment. The urge to make changes will be strong this month, but must be avoided.

GEMINI *22nd May to 21st June*
Be prepared for additional expenditure in connection with purchases for the home, and make sure that you are getting value for your money. Also, do not allow petty worries to destroy your confidence. It is important that you retain your confidence during January as it will help you to weather the many annoyances you will face.

CANCER *22nd June to 23rd July*
Partnership affairs are not well-starred and you could experience disagreements. Do not let anyone impose on privileges which are rightfully yours, and insist that you be given the proper credit and compensation for work you have performed. Finances seem steady and health should be good.

LEO *24th July to 23rd August*
Your desire to achieve rapid gains could meet with stubborn resistance, so try to exercise patience and be precise in whatever you undertake. Health prospects look excellent and you now stand a good chance of clearing up some long-standing complaint.

VIRGO *24th August to 23rd September*
For those in a business of their own, this could be a tricky month to negotiate because of unwise planning and extravagant purchases. Shop around before making final decisions and do not allow other people to push you into buying something that you can really do without. Socially, a busy time. Best days: 4th, 15th, 24th.

LIBRA *24th September to 23rd October*
Look out for romantic squalls. Take things easy and try to keep your own counsel as much as possible. The divulging of plans could be exploited to your personal cost, so remember, silence is golden. Domestic events will keep you on your toes, and you could receive a number of unexpected visitors.

SCORPIO *24th October to 22nd November*
As far as speculation is concerned, your luck is definitely out during the month of January, so conserve your resources and don't try to swim against the tide. Success will result mainly from travel which is exceptionally well favoured. A particularly good time for those on the point of entering examinations.

SAGITTARIUS *23rd November to 22nd December*
An element of change in your business life is indicated this month, and the results could be most beneficial. However, give plenty of thought to any big change that you may be contemplating and get advice from others before making a final decision. From the 8th onwards, your financial position should be stronger and any investments made now will be profitable.

CAPRICORN *23rd December to 20th January*
Letter writing, hobbies and home entertaining or visiting are favoured this month. Advice and guidance you receive now may prove more beneficial than you think. Businesswise, now is the time to plan for expansion or promotion.

AQUARIUS *21st January to 19th February*
Despite the desire to please everyone, do not place yourself or your cash assets under obligations. You should be on your guard against upsets since minor situations could easily turn into major considerations.

PISCES *20th Febraury to 21st March*
Schedule important activities, then attend to them with full force. You should work at your most efficient pace and not waste time on unessentials. The results should be satisfactory. This is a month for going "solo"—there is too much opposition to guarantee co-operation from others.

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LEE REMICK
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JIM HUTTON
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PAMELA TIFFIN
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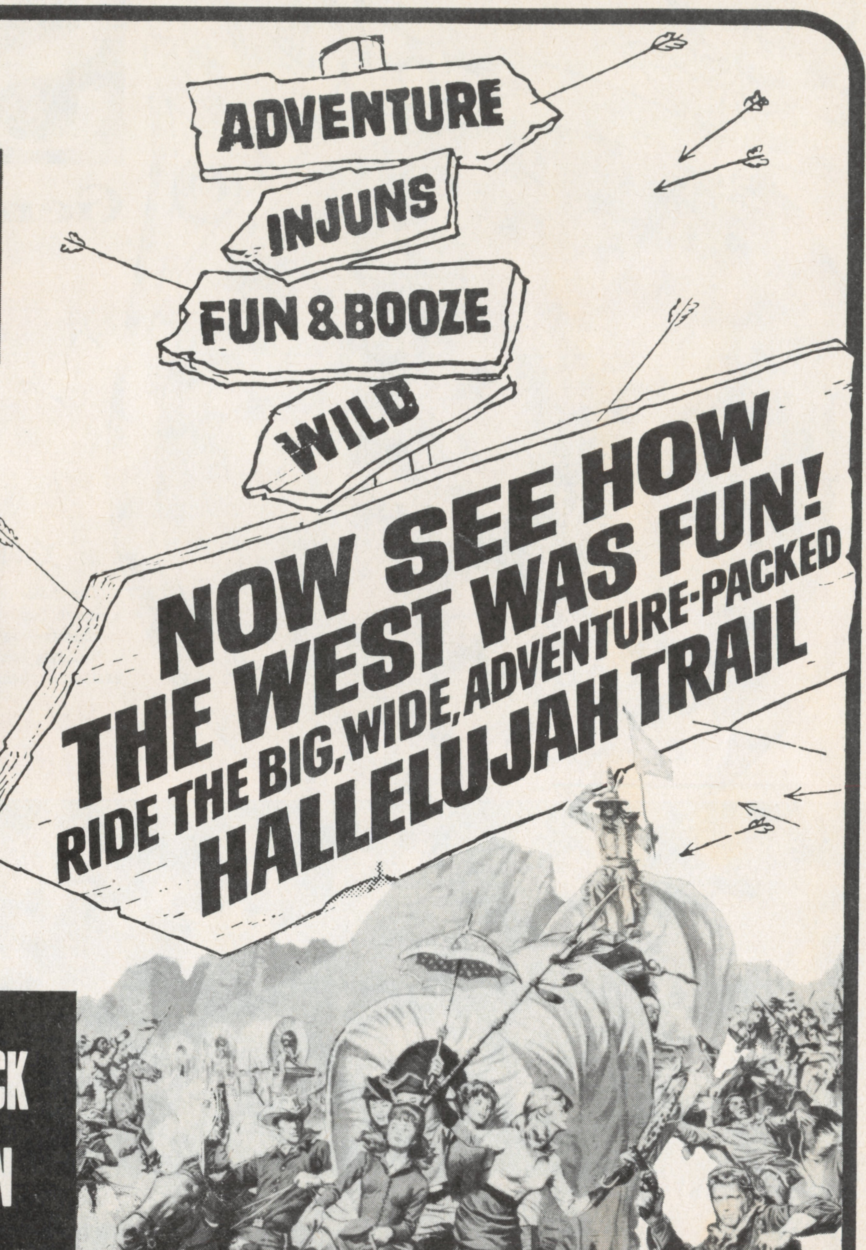
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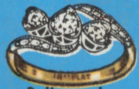

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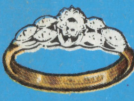

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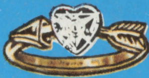

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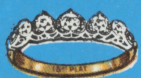

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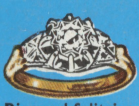

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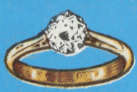

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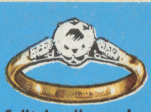

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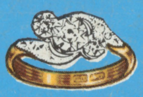

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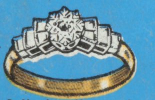

Solitaire diamond
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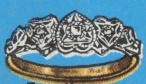

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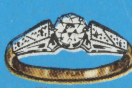

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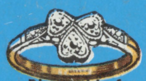

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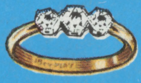

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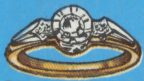

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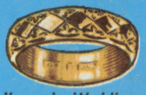

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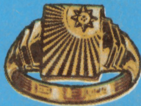

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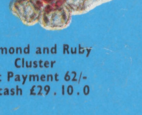

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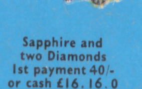

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Ruby with Diamond shoulders
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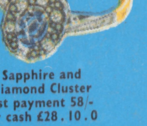

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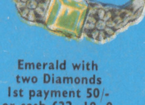

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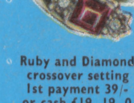

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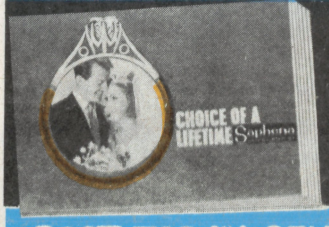

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